THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For AUGUST, 1801.

CONTAINING,

	Page
Pedigree, &c. of Moorcock	227
Method of taking Wild Horses on the Plains of Moldavia, &c.	ibid
Extra Sporting Intelligence	231
On the Art and Pleasure of Hare-hunting	233
The Life, &c. of Colonel George Hanger, continued	238
Hints for the Improvement of Mischief-making	243
Extraordinary Equestrian, &c. Performances	244
Funeral of an Odd Fellow	247
Prospectus of a History of Weeping	ibid
Contradistinction between the Foreign and English Gamesters	248
Extraordinary Account of a Dog	249
Sporting with Curiosity	250
Law Cases	252
Sporting Anecdote of Judge Hale	254
Account of the Madagascar Savage	ibid
Parody of Shakespeare	255
A New Manœuvre in Sporting	ibid
The Pleasures of the Race Ground	256
A New Tennis Player	ibid
Aquatic Sports—Sailing Match	257
—— Vauxhall Rowing Match	258
—— Dogget's Coat and Badge	ibid
Shooting for a Silver Cup at Ranelagh	259
Proposals for inoculating Dogs and Horses	ibid
Sporting Adventure on the Racing Calendar	260
Grand Cricket Matches	261
An Action for a Trespass, tried at Croydon	263
A curious Account of proving the Validity of a Will	264
Jockeyship—stealing a Horse from Bushy Park	ibid
Account of the New Musical Entertainment of The Gipsey Prince	265
Col. Thornton's Account of taking Hawks	266
Diversions of the Turkish Coffee-houses	267
A humourous Cure	ibid
Antient Sports at Rosamond's Pond	ibid
The Game of the Golf	268
A Letter in Vindication of the Town	269
A Hint not to destroy Martins or Swallows	270
Account of a Phocus found near Bastia	ibid
The Parson and the Bearward	271
The Lion and Buffalo	272
Feast of Wit	273
Sporting Intelligence	274
POETRY.	
Beth Gelert; or, The Grave of the Greyhound	277
Songs in the Gipsey Prince	278
Report of a Law Case between Nose and Eyes	279
On Muslin-Clad Beauties at Water-Drinking Places	ibid
Extempore at a Water-Drinking Place	280
On Lord St. Vincent's Laconic Order to Lord Nelson	ibid
Parody of Shakespeare	ibid
Epistolic Lollipop	ibid
Epigrams	ibid
RACING CALENDAR	33—40

[Embellished with an Engraving of MOORCOCK, by SCOTT; and an Etching of the LION AND BUFFALO, by HOWITT.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE present our readers with a continuation of the interesting Paper on the Manner of taking Wild Horses in Moldavia, &c. and we shall be much gratified with further information from the ingenious pen of the writer.

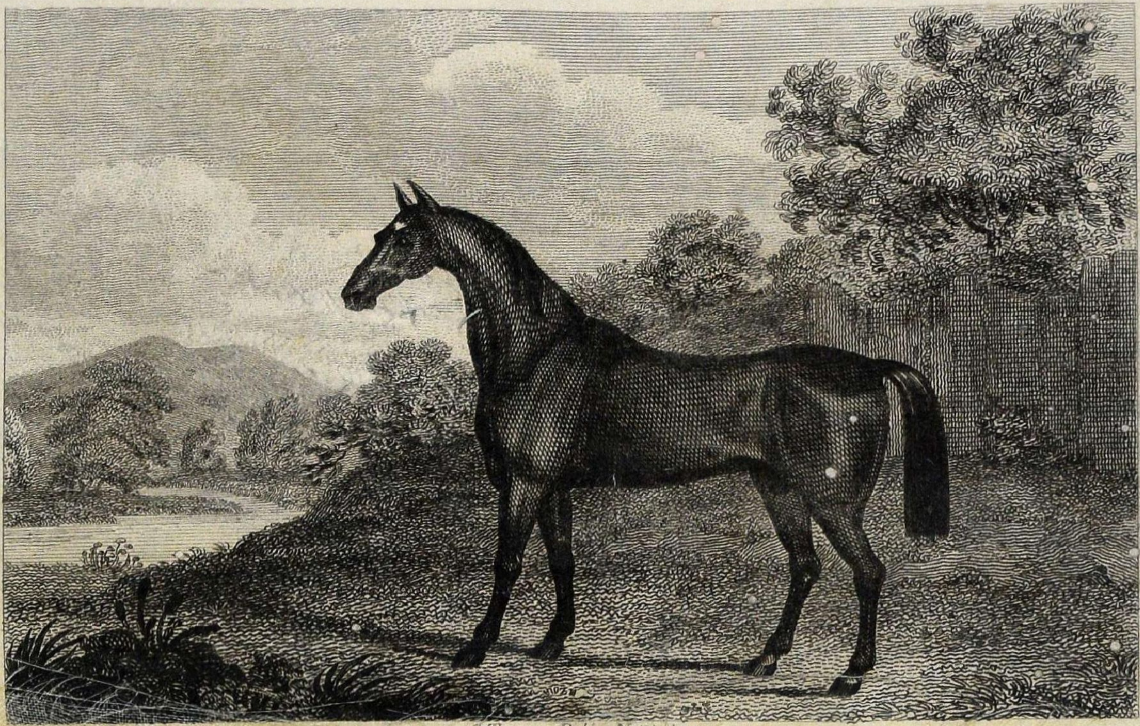
OUR valuable Correspondent, J. Hardy, who dates from Manchester, we shall endeavour to oblige next Month, or as soon as circumstances will permit. In the mean while, the pedigrees of George and Petrina, will confer upon us an additional obligation.

C. A. who has addressed Lines to the amiable Miss W——, by the advice of a few friends, is informed, that his friends stand in need of other friends to advise them, otherwise such lines as the following could not have obtained their approbation.

> the radiancy of thy charms,
> Lay prostrate heroes, unaided by their arms.
> Melodious girl! thou merits greater praise,
> Than I by any effort of my tongue can'st raise.

THE letter relative to a Storm, dated Newbold-upon-Avon, is not worth *the postage*. It should have been sent to the County Newspaper.

Several communications, which are approved, are only delayed for want of room.



C. Tomson . Del. – Nottingham.

Moorcock by Highflyer Dam Georgina by. Matchem.

Published Sep. 1. 1801. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

Moorcock,

With a beautiful Engraving from an Original Drawing, by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.

MOORCOCK, brother to Grouse, got by Highflyer, dam Georgina, sister to Conductor, Alfred, &c. &c. by Matchem.

He won 400gs. at Newmarket; 50gs. at ditto; 50l. at Stamford; 50l. at Grantham; 50l. at Chesterfield; 50l. at Ludlow; 50l. at Bridgenorth: 50l. at Nantwich; 50l. at Chesterfield; 70l. at Lincoln; 100gs. at Doncaster; the Gold Cup, at Chester; 80l. at Manchester; 50l. at Oxford; the Stakes at Newton; and the King's Plate, at Nottingham.

Moorcock now covers at Renishaw, near Chesterfield, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom. He is fifteen hands two inches and upwards. Sound and healthy mares that have bred two winners, or won two fifties, will be covered gratis, paying five shillings. There is good accommodation for mares at seven shillings a week.

Moorcock's produce are now foals; they are bony and very promising.

Renishaw is twenty-two miles from Doncaster; ten from Worksop; fourteen from Mansfield: and nine from Rotheram.

Moorcock is the property of Sitwell Sitwell, Esq. M. P.

Method of taking the Wild Horses,

On the extensive plains of Moldavia, Walachia, and the Novelle Servia,

By PAN TAYLORSKI.

(*Continued from page* 176.)

THE horses not having, as yet, suffered much fatigue from travelling, are enabled to swim the breadth of this river with tolerable ease; and where nature has not formed the opposite shore with an easy access, the bank is sloped down, in order that they may feel their footing by degrees; for after crossing these wide rivers, they are so exhausted, as not to be able to stand for some minutes, and frequently drop down at the edge, and sometimes before they are out of, the water.

Their old travelling guide (the decoy mare) with the truss of hay on her back, is always put first on shore, and placed about twenty or thirty yards from the river side, and in full view of the rest of the troop, who are still swimming; which has a considerable effect in supporting the spirits, and keeping up the resolution of the horses, under this trying difficulty; their conductors always providing a quantity of fodder ready for them, and scattered about at a small distance from the river, not only as a reward for the labour they have undergone, but as an inducement to persevere

and

and surmount those which they have yet to encounter.

The superiority and strength of reason in man, over that of other animals, never appears more conspicuous than in these concerns. By art and device he is able to draw after, and as it were to persuade to follow him, hundreds of animals whom as yet he dares not touch, nor even without danger approach. But the generous nature of this noble animal is such, and, as though viewing in man his superior, suffers himself in the first instance to be restrained; and, finding his sustenance provided for him, becomes more and more docile, is brought by degrees to obedience, and, in the end is, as it were, the friend and servant of that being, which in his wild and savage state, he would have kicked or trampled to death.

The troop, after labouring through the river, stand for a while in order to take breath; then sneezing several times, shake themselves, immediately walk up to, and begin to pick up the fodder; which done, they set out and continue their journey.

The distance from Czernaucy, on the Prut, to Chocim, on the Dniester, is only about fifteen miles, and is an easy day's march: here again they rest for the night, where the same provision as to fodder, the same attention in guarding them, and every other preparation made for passing the river on the morning, as has been described above.

The beautiful river the Dniester, is both deeper and wider than the Prut, has also a strong current, and is near three hundred yards over; its waters are clear, but of a dark colour, being tinged by the washes from the rich and fertile lawns of the Ucraine, whose soil is that of a dark, but rich loom. The river is here overawed by the Turkish fortress of Chocim, whose shores its cannon completely command.

On crossing the river, they leave the Turkish dominions, and arrive at a small town, called Zwanice, and enter that of the Polish Ucraine, and here they pay a small duty for each horse.

From Zwanice, they pass by the fortress of Kaminic Podolski, and, skirting the eastern limits of Galacia, pursue their route to Luck, which is nearly due north, and the distance from Chocim, about one hundred and forty miles. From this last place they bend to the north-west, traverse Volania, and pass by Craznystow and Lublin, to Pulawy, which distance from Luck, is about one hundred and fifty miles; from their crossing the Dniester to this place, they meet with little or no difficulty in regard to rivers, and the horses being, by this time, inured to travelling, they stretch out to pretty long marches.

The charming Pulawy, the beautiful residence of Czartoryski, Prince General of Podolea, &c. is situated upon a fine eminence on the banks of the Vistula, called, in the Polish language, (Vistle Whodda, or the yellow river) which takes its rise from, and at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, whose huge and lofty summits are ever covered with snow, and to which the ignorant inhabitants give the appellation of the back bone of the earth.

About the middle of June, and when the sun is in its zenith, prodigious masses of snow are melted from the tops and sides of these mountains, which the vistula, rising at their base, receives; then leaving Hungary, crosses the western point of Galacia, becomes navigable as high as Kracovia, in Upper Poland, and in its course draws the waters from a very large tract of country, and receiving the considerable

derable streams of the Dunojee, the Ropa, and the Son: so that it is become a large river, and if not equal, is certainly second to the Rhine; and running now through a flat country, its waters are spread, and it is, at Pulawy, near five hundred yards over, in its ordinary state; but when swelled by the flushes from the mountains, it has been known to rise fifteen feet perpendicular, and to spread to near three quarters of a mile in breadth, and the dryer and hotter the season, the greater the inundation, tearing up large trees, and bearing down, with its foaming current, stacks of hay, cottages, cattle, &c.

At the passages of these large rivers, long, wide, and lofty stables are erected, for the accommodation of cavalry, travellers, &c. and particularly at Pulawy; the stable there has double ranges of racks and mangers, and is capable to hold two hundred horses, but without stalls or petitions, and left, in the interior, quite open.

At the time of these great floods and inundations, whatever travellers arrive, are obliged to stop, and wait until the waters abate; for although the ferry-men are provided with good canoes, and strong horse-boats, they will not be persuaded to attempt the passage, and priest-craft, ever watchful and attentive to its interest, fastens upon this phænomenon, in order more strongly to fetter the minds of the ignorant; for, on asking the peasants the cause of these sudden floods, they tell you, with a kind of reveence, that it is St. John's waters, or the tears of St. John, crying in the wilderness, and that its course must not be interrupted, &c.

The troop of horses arriving in the evening, are provided with fodder, &c. as before described, and at this place, a kind of muster and inspection takes place, to ascertain their number and condition; if any have strayed and escaped, have been lamed by accident, or are weak from fatigue, and such whom their conductors conceive incapable to cross the river, they are selected from the group and disposed of.

On the morning, the same methods are taken as on crossing the rivers before-mentioned; but this being much broader, and of course more difficult, several ferry-men are hired to attend in their canoes, and to aid and buoy up any horse which they observe ready to sink; or who, from weakness, may be carried out of the line in which they are accustomed to swim.

The strongest troop which I have known cross this passage, at one time, mustered to the number of four hundred and thirty; and, on these occasions, it was customary for the officers and gentlemen, who were then at the palace of Pulawy, to repair to the water side, to observe the great exertions, those grand efforts, which these noble animals use for self-preservation. The passage began, the boats lead on as before described; the horses at first swimming high, with part of their necks, and even shoulders, out of the water; but after swimming the distance of about three hundred yards, they begin to feel fatigue and swim deeper. Here the grand crisis commences; the men in the leading boats calling out with all their powers of voice, and with hay in their hands encouraging the animals to persevere; the people in the canoes on the alert, lending aid and assistance wherever necessary; the horses, almost exhausted with labour, doubt and danger at this moment presents itself, life or death is at stake, the breasts of the conductors heaving with anxiety, the very muscles in their faces working from the fear of considerable loss, scores

scores of the horses roaring, and calling out, as it were, for fresh strength, for fresh powers, to enable them to overcome their dangerous situation. I must declare, (nor do I recoil at, or smother the thought) that I have felt the strongest emotion, the most marked sympathy, on viewing the struggles and efforts of these noble creatures, under this severe conflict; and so loud is their roar and noise, as to be heard at several miles distance.

The van of the troop having attained the shore, they are followed in continual succession, until the whole have crossed over; they appear, at first, almost exhausted, but after a little time will walk up to their fodder, and begin to eat. They sometimes sustain losses in crossing this difficult passage, but the horses being in their prime, and in their lusty age, are, of consequence, capable of great exertions; and I have never seen more than three horses out of one troop, carried down the stream and disappear.

The passage of this river is the greatest, but the last difficulty of any consequence, that the conductors and troop have to overcome; and have only their usual days' marches, their fodder, &c. to attend to. Those destined for Pomerainia, pursue their route through the rest of Poland, by Radum, Rava, Posnan, to Drisen, where they enter Pomerainia, and thence on to Stargart; the distance from Pulawy, to which place, is about two hundred and sixty miles.

To the officer and party, (who have had the commission first to purchase, and afterwards to conduct a large troop of horses, on this long and hazardous route) there attaches a proper reward and esteem; and I must confess, that I have observed the utmost care and attention in them, to overcome the difficulties which they have had to encounter: and, on their arrival at the place of their final destination, their charge ceases, and the horses come under the orders of the Governor General, and are distributed amongst the regiments which are quartered in the province over which he presides.

On the arrival of these remounts, perhaps to the number of one hundred or more to each regiment, there is a strong incitement and press in the whole corps, to view, inspect, and pass their opinion thereon; the soldier (*whose horse is aged, imperfect, or defective in his eyes, limbs, &c.*) is full of expectation on having him cast out, and his place filled by a young and active horse; but their general, or commandant, first orders them to be passed before him, (in *review*) and, if casting his eyes upon a horse of size, strength, and figure, he is immediately drawn out and reserved for himself.

The horse thus chosen, is delivered to the master of the *manège*, under the course of whose tutorage, he is made to undergo, by turns, the severest discipline, and also the kindest treatment; in which sullenness and obstinacy are punished, but good nature and resolution are caressed and encouraged. He is taught to listen to, and retain certain military sounds; by the check rain, to husband his strength; his action is improved; he learns to measure his step; to stand or move in a bold but graceful manner: he can top the high-fuzed bar, or clear the wide *fossè*; and the river which at first gave him alarm, from weekly practice and habitude, is now made familiar: he plunges in freely, swims his marked distance, turns the *poutre* with ease, and regains the shore with pleasure: he can hear the noise of drum or trumpet without starting, and even suffer the

the pistol to be flashed in his face without recoiling: and having thus finished his education, he is delivered to his general as a compleat war horse *.

In return for this, in reward for all this care, his services are called forth; mounted by his general, he appears on the field in the front of the regiment, passes down the line with animated elegance, attentive to command, answering in the instant to every turn of the hand, active and ready, he is quick in his wheelings, swift in the pursuit, but firm and cautious in a retreat; on the change of every position, he is found in his place. Thus perfect in evolutions, he is the favourite of his general, and the pride of the whole corps.

If drawn out to battle, he hears the clang of arms, the rattle of musquetry, and the deeper roar of cannon without emotion; the whistle of passing bullets rouzes and animates him (*which some attribute to fear, but which I call impatience*). At length (*the mercury of the field*) the aid-de-camp arrives, in full and clear accents delivers the awful mandate, *TO CHARGE*, and break the line; the rein drawn tighter, his general well fixed in his seat, he fronts, and undaunted views the compact legion, whose silent, but firm aspect, whose pointed bayonets and reserved fire, he now must meet. The trumpet sounds to charge! away he moves, and with quickening pace rushes forward; on near approach, the murdering volley is loosed, his very muscles is burnt by flashes, the bayonet bores, and blood from spouts run out: he paws, he rears, and trampling many down, acts well his part, still pressing on; the line is broke, and quick wheeling in its rear, pursues the scattered foe.

At length, by some ill-fated musquet shot, obliquely flying, or a more murdering grape, he is struck, and some vital part being pierced, his anguish makes him plunge; he falls; buoyed up by his native courage, he again assays to stand; he fails in this, and falls again; his trembling limbs and muscles vibrate; death now is near; his mouth wide open, the noble generous horse, in deep revenge, groans out his life—but dies without a tear.

* It is a custom with the Prussian cavalry to swim their horses, at least twice every week, during the summer months, if a river, or a sufficient piece of water, is near their quarters; in which a large pile (or *poutre*) is drove, at the distance of about forty yards from the shore, on which a small flag is placed, round which the troop horses are swam, &c.; and I have often seen a soldier on the back of one, lead, or guide, two other horses, and turn it with pleasure.

The great benefit of this practice, by preserving the health of the horses in the hot summer months, and its more particular advantage in making a campaign, are too well known to need comment.

EXTRA SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

LAST EFFORT FOR DOGGET'S COAT AND BADGE.

ON Saturday, the 15th of August, it was again rowed for; and the successful candidate, is a young man of the name of Curtis, who, besides the prize, obtains an exemption from being pressed during life.

BRIDGNORTH.

On Tuesday, the 22d of September, will be run for at Muckley Cross, near Bridgnorth, a saddle and bridle, by ponies, not exceeding thirteen hands.

Same day, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, play or pay, by horses not exceeding

ceeding fourteen hands, bona fide, the property of subscribers, catch weight; the subscription was closed by order of the Stewards, the 20th of June. — John Cleobury, Esq. b. h. Cockney; William Rodens, Esq; b. m Elvira; Walter Wellings, Esq.; bl. m. Tunefull. —Mr. Worrall; Mr. Perry; Mr. Pardoe; Mr. Rowley; Mr. Haslehurst; Mr. Eavson; Mr. Burton; Mr. Jeffreys; Mr. Parton; Mr. Steward; Mr. Backhouse; Mr. Embry; and Mr. Collins, are subscribers, but did not name.

BRIGHTON, AUG. 21.

A match was made yesterday morning on the Steine, Mr. Fourdrinier's curricle horse, against Mr. Taylor's hunter. To run one mile on the Brighton course. The bettings were 6 to 4 in favour of the hunter.

At one o'clock, the horses started. It was a hollow thing. Curricle was nearly distanced. Lost by twenty lengths at least. No bettings on the course.

Mr. Fourdrinier's jockey was but indifferent; the other was fair.

The race ground was very thinly attended, the sporting men being all gone to York. The Prince and a party were present. On the return of the company, as Mr. R. was driving down the hill in his curricle, the horses ran away, and overturned the chaise at the entrance of the town, where it was dashed to pieces; providentially Mr. R. received no personal injury from the accident. There never were remembered so many accidents as we have had in our neighbourhood since the races. On Wednesday, a similar one happened; a gig was broken to pieces, and the leg of the horse much torn, by running against a wall of flint stones. The young men of fashion here are so high spirited, that they never think of neck-breaking, in galloping down the Sussex hills.

NAVAL SLANG.

Much mirth was excited opposite the New White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly, a few days since, by a momentary *fracas*, originating from the following circumstance:— An *Irish sailor*, wishing to go to Bristol, had taken his place in the coach; but, till he had mounted on the *outside*, never reflected that he had paid for an *inside* place, which, in the interim, was occupied by a *lady*, whose fluency and figures of speech, plainly proclaimed her from the vicinity of *Billingsgate*. The tar, desirous of rectifying the mistake, intimated to the *fair one*, the necessity of changing situations; but this she refusing, from her legal knowledge that possession was every thing, he very deliberately proceeded to *hoist* her up through the *port-hole*, and had half effected his purpose, when, from the rotundity of the lady, she stuck fast. Her screams alarming the *Jehu* on the box, he interfered, and having, with some difficulty, calmed the enraged sailor, by an adjustment of the pecuniary difference, the *lady* insisted upon finally compromising the dispute by a libation of *grog*.— This perfectly satisfied the sailor, who, wishing the amazon joy of her *birth*, told the coachman to *weigh anchor*, and went off, expressively singing—" *Blow high, blow low*," &c.

Two new Coursing Meetings, the one in Ayrshire, the other in Sterlingshire, have been established on the plan of Captain Wellwood's at Kinross; and some whelps of the blood of Snowball have been procured to start there.

On

Letters *on the* Art *and* Pleasures *of* Hare-Hunting.
(To a Person of Quality.)

[*Concluded from page* 187.]

LETTER V.
Of trailing and starting; with directions to the huntsmen.

HARE-hunting commences about Michaelmas, and should end (would gentlemen encourage the breed) the middle of February. As I have supposed the huntsman abroad, and dogs cast off, we may as well imagine one or other has made a challenge.

For trailing, no rules can be laid down with certainty; it depends on the judgment of the huntsman, and his just knowledge of the several good and bad properties of his dogs. A kennel of the best hounds in Great Britain, are not (I may affirm, cannot be) all alike. Some are good for trailing and starting; others excellent when the hare is on foot; others again for hitting off defaults, running the double, or hot foil, or making good the hard highways.

Some huntsmen, the instant they find where a hare has relieved, trouble themselves not at all about trailing to her, but proceed with the company to thrashing the hedges for a wide compass, many of whom (being so sparing of their pains) as often beat over, as beat a hare up. For my part, trailing fairly, and starting, I think, the nicest part of the whole pastime, provided wind and weather permit.

It is an undetermined point at trail or cold hunting, whether the dogs challenge from any particular effluvia that transpired from the feet of a hare, or remains of breath, that in her feeding and exercise, intermixed with, and soiled the pasture and herbage. Was it from the foot alone, the moist path would be easier to challenge upon, than the verdant sward. I have heard sturdy casuists on both sides, but so void of sense and reason, little more than the strongest arm has determined the point. In my opinion (notwithstanding the majority may be against me) I confess myself prejudiced in favour of the latter.

If the hounds challenge on the relief, it is a point of judgment not to let them puzzle and stick, but to rate them together, and make it good round the fences, the sooner the better. Now the huntsman must depend absolutely upon his dogs; the tender-nosed hound generally hits it first, and is very often unjustly deemed a babbler, because a tougher dog does not make good what he opens upon; whereas, the difference too often is, that one hound's nose is so exquisitely delicate as to enjoy a scent twice as stale as another.

Observe Damsel, my Lord, or loquacious Dainty, open cheerily; the whole pack run in, not one (for want of equal talents) approves. But as they proceed to warmer scent, if Truman or Ruler (staunch old counsellors, never known to give opinion but with certainty, the effect of long experience) gravely undertake to peruse the case, and (on due consideration) challenge but in single notes, the whole kennel (in science, brethren and colleagues) from every quarter hurry, and with general yelp confirm the sound report; whilst the assiduous huntsman, glad at heart, in oratory of his own proclaims it good.

It is surprising what a notable confidence presides among hounds, in proportion to the reality of each others assurances. The most rigid sincere person upon earth, cannot detest or less credit the notorious cheat or liar, than a staunch hound, one that opens false, or spends his tongue free, to little purpose.

Your Lordship may tell me, the comparison is unnatural; but what can be more like the hound that sticks a long time and continues opening upon one spot, than the man who is a tedious while telling a Canterbury tale, or talks perpetually upon one part of a subject. What like the babbler more, than he who prates and rattles upon all subjects with confidence, and understands no one.

The notes of the hounds are certain language in the ears of the huntsman, and what he depends upon more than the judgment of all his friends in the field. According to the length of time a hare has been gone to form, do they more or less assure him of their likelihood to start. At the most distant part of her mornings exercise, where the tenderest nosed dog can but touch of the scent, the true musical hound opens single; perhaps a long—holding—note, or (according to the dog) only what some people call a *chop*. As they gather on towards her, each old sophister confirms his first opinion by an additional note, and doubles his tongue. When near her form, and the scent lies warm and strong, all double and treble their notes.

Beware of the counter-trail, which may happen when dogs are cast off, so as to challenge about the middle of her works, or nearer the form than the feed; there the scent lies so equal, that the dogs, over eager and busy, often hit the heel away, or draw amiss. This the huntsman must judge of by the notes his dogs first challenge in. If they double, and carry it on counter, they will soon signify their error, by opening only single; for, instead of the scent lying hotter, and encreasing upon their noses, it is the contrary, and dwindles to no scent at all.

It may not be improper, (if the ways and paths admit) for the fieldmen to prick; it serves to assist the dogs in a bad morning, and give the huntsman some notion of his game.

Young hares tread more deep and heavy than older ones, because the younger they are, the weaker the joints. At full moon they make most work, and go a great distance, relieving upon any sort of feed; especially that which grows within shade of the hedge-rows and trees. At this time buck and doe oftenest associate together.

Another point must be observed to your Lordship, that all hares do not leave an equal degree of scent. The Down Hares leave the least; Enclosure, Woodland, and Marshy Hares, the most; especially she that forms in the plashy ground, or near the river-side, or wet ditch: she leaves a strong scent, being commonly distempered and unhealthy.

The reason Lowland Hares smell stronger than the Down Hares, proceeds from the superior rankness of their feed, and the effluvia in woods and enclosures being far better defended from wind and air, than on the bleak downs.

All Hares leave more scent going to, than from relief, and never smell so strong, as when they pasture on young corn; which requires so little consideration to account for, I shall, for brevity's sake, omit it, and return to the huntsman, who we will suppose on good trail, and the hounds doubling and trebling.

About this time I suppose he is endeavouring to judge whereabout she may sit; if he is clever and lucky in this particular, it not only procures him esteem, but that desirable token of it, field-money, which makes many a man neglect his dogs (too much) in good trail, to myope about in the hedges and brakes, in expectation of a So ho!

To espy a Hare, no rules can be laid down, she generally forms so uncertain;

uncertain; whoever looks for her, must have the idea of a Hare seated strongly pictured in his mind. They very seldom choose to form in high woods in autumn, because the leaves, acorns, and beech-mast are continually falling; and in wet weather, drops from the trees disturb them. They rather prefer the dry brake, hedge, or stubble.

In January, February, and March, gentlemen hunt in some parts, 'till the twenty-fifth: they seat most uncertain, and wander such a vast circuit, an indifferent huntsman may trail all day long and not start. What adds to their uncertain forming besides the season of bucking, is, they are so liable, under warm dry hedges and brambles, to be pestered with pismires, or molested with vipers, and such vermin, that they prefer the open fields and ploughed lands.

Let us imagine, my Lord, that by this time the huntsman cries, So ho! observe how the heroes press together, and parley o'er the imagined victim! Pride of their eager hearts, and glory of the field! Now each (e'er she leaps from form) wisely pronounces her size or gender. The inexperienced youth (with eyes convulsed, and phyz distort and pale) in imperfect hasty stammers, proclaims a slamming bitch; whilst some graver sire (whom age and experience bid be positive) with paralytic nods, and aspect sour (portending contradiction) affirms she is small and young, learned sage! Others in joyful confusion and amaze suspense, scarce distinguish whether it is a hare or not—the huntsman (on whom for superior knowledge each dependant is) from maxims of his own, arbitrarily decides the sex. But to such wiseacres, who pretend with certainty (from the whiteness of one part, or redness of another) to distinguish buck from doe, it may be said, there is but male and female; and the man, who never saw a Hare in his life, but declares his opinion at random, it is a toss up, if he is not as often right as the wisest of them. But to proceed; as we have imagined a So ho! we may as well, my Lord, suppose she is actually on foot. Hark! the hills and woods resound the loud acclaim.

Now the leaden-heeled hind, and brawny peasant, with hobnailed shoone, labour o'er the clod; the insect world tremble at their tread; the hardy woodman speeds from toil; the ploughman quits the unfinished furrow; all scamper over the plain, multiplying as they go. Some, armed with clubs or staves, in leathern jerkins clad; others, the flail or dung-fork weild, and in frocks of white or azure hue (succinct for speed) terrific seem. Each generous heart disdains to lag behind. Now no distinction rules. The King, the keiser, the lord, the hind, fellows alike, and competitors in the field.

Now, huntsman, lay in your dogs well; and rather whisper, than bellow to them, until they undertake it, and go on full cry. Follow yourself at a due distance, and (as occasion requires) recheat them; if you have not a horn, call to them two or three times together, softly! softly! for nought but general emulation reigns, sire with son, and son with sire contend: impetuous drive the dogs. Beware, the unexperienced sportsman (whether on foot, or horseback) be sure check his forwardness: many people think a chief part of hunting consists in hollowing loud, and running, or riding hard; but they are mistaken, and such persons, gentle or simple, must not be offended, if the huntsman swears at them; he has a right to do so. No tongue can be allowed but his, nor (at this time)

time) no foot more forward than his own.

A closeness on the dogs, it is well known, hurries them too much, being apt of themselves, in their first heat of mettle, to overshoot the game. Many hours sad sport has happened from driving the hounds too fast, and confounding them with the hollowing of the company, or a noisy blockhead of a huntsman, or whipper-in.

As puss takes her circuit, judgment is often made of her gender. A buck gives suspicion by beating the hard paths, stony highways, and taking a ring of a large extent in proportion to the compass of his feed and exercise, which may be guessed at from the quantity of ground the dogs trailed over. It being worthy of notice, that in the progress of the chase, a hare will go over great part of the trailed land, and visit her works of the preceding night and morning, unless she takes endways, which, after a ring or so, a buck is apt to do; and loiter a vast way on fresh ground, without offering to return.

The doe, now and then, doubles in a short space, and seldom holds an end, unless knit; or at the end of the season has kindled. At such times she often runs forward, and scarce ever returns to her young, or escapes with life, being naturally weak and unfit for fatigue.

Yet notwithstanding all that can be advanced, both sexes regulate their conduct much according to the season and weather. After a rainy night (in a woody country) neither buck nor doe cares to keep the covert, the wet and drops that hang on the sprays, offend them; therefore they hold the highways or stony lanes, for as the scent naturally lies strong, they beat the roads that take the least. Not that a Hare judges upon what soil her scent lies weakest, it is her ears that chiefly direct her; for the hounds being oftener at default on the hard paths than the turf, she finds herself not so closely pursued by being not much alarmed with the continued cry of the dogs at her heels. The larger the cry, the more she is terrified, and faster she speeds; the certain effect of which, is a heart broke sooner than with a kennel (in number and goodness equal) that spent their tongues less free.

The same principle directs her to seek the covert in autumn, when the ground is dry, and wind bleak and cold at North or East; then puss runs the paths that are covered with leaves, which are so continually falling and blowed about, the best hounds can make little of her; therefore her alarms being not of long continuance, but seldom and short, she rests contented, where she is least disturbed.

If a Hare is trailed to form, on that depends great part of the success of the hunt; if she is beat up, the first ring is a foundation for the succeeding pastime; all the tucks and doubles she afterward makes, being in a great measure like the first.

According to the ground she runs, the fieldmen are to station themselves, no two are to stand prating together; let each pursue the method he thinks best for assisting the dogs, and his own diversion. This is the time to give proofs of good judgment.

If any prefers lying back, or guarding the foil, I recommend standing alone, quiet and private as possible. Above all, observe the wind. Whoever sits in the wind, a hundred to one he does not see the Hare; unless at a great distance she drops back, or leaps aside, for the reasons before observed.

To

Matrimonial Matchmaking.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

If the following is worthy a place in your entertaining Magazine, you will much oblige

A constant reader.

OF all the various sports which you have to record as the pleasures of mankind, there are none, in my opinion, so likely to produce mirth, as those equal to *match-making.* —A woman, of whom I have a slight knowledge, was employed by a young man, to provide him with a girl, with whom he might treat upon the honourable terms of matrimony; and, in fact, to go through the tedious process of courtship for him, describing to her his person, his temper, his income, and so on; and if, upon representation, she should be pleased with him, then the parties were to have a meeting.—Having called upon this *match-maker,* upon some trifling business, I just nicked the time when *Desdemona* was there, and *Othello* sent for.—Before I had well seated myself, he arrived; and, judging some important business was on the carpet, I was taking my leave, when the old procuress begged me to step into the next room, and she would soon be with me. Nothing could be more convenient for me than this, as the rooms were only separated by a slight partition, which might with ease be removed for the convenience of a large company. Here I was gratified by being a hearer of the following discourse:—

Old Woman.—This is the young lady of whom I have made mention to you before. I have stated every particular that I thought necessary, and if there is an approval on both sides, it only remains with you, Sir, to improve the opportunity.

Othello.—I am much obliged to you, Madam, that you have prevailed thus far; (then turning to the young creature) it may seem somewhat surprizing to you, my angel, that I should have recourse to these steps to get a wife, but a future opportunity shall convince you of the necessity of it; only tell me now that I have obtained a place in your affections, and I shall be happy. By heavens I love you—love you with enthusiasm, and shall never be able to withstand a cold, lukewarm return.

Desdemona.—Why, Sir, if I were to say otherwise, I should wrong myself; but matters of this kind requires deliberation, and after an interview or two more, no doubt, I shall be able to state my opinion with more boldness, than prudence now requires.

Transported with her answer, he ravished her lips, paid her a few handsome compliments, and leading her out, desired the old woman to call upon him.

This being a *nouvelle* way of getting a wife, to me at least, I could not but ask a few questions about it, and found that my new acquaintance had carried on this trade for a series of years; having ten shillings and six-pence for every girl produced, and, in addition, two pounds two shillings, if it turned out a match.

That any man should take these steps to get married seems wonderful, especially in these days, when it is only to ask, and it is granted—so little do mankind, in general, think of the marriage ceremony, than if rightly attended to, there is not a more awful tender.

Sam. Nijut Willis.

The

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

(*Continued from page* 182.)

THERE are other two interesting stories of highwaymen, which I shall venture to relate. A great many years ago, there lived in Ireland, an officer, a Colonel Coningham, who, for what reason I know not, had been outlawed, and a reward of two thousand pounds offered by government to any person who would bring him a prisoner to Dublin: he was so beloved in his own country, that no soul would lay hands on him, and the officers of justice knew him to be so determined and truly brave, that it would cost two or three of them their lives to take him. After a considerable time living in this disagreeable manner, he resolved to go to Dublin, surrender himself, and take his trial. Not many miles from Dublin, he was stopped by a highwayman, a very young man, and of genteel appearance; when Colonel Coningham asked him if he knew who it was he had stopped? and on the young man answering in the negative, "Then," replied the Colonel, "I will tell you; I am the very Colonel Coningham for whose person a reward of two thousand pounds is offered, and whom the officers of justice know never will be taken alive by force; you cannot, therefore, think that a single highwayman can intimidate me: you have a very young appearance, and cannot long have made this business a practice: tell me, therefore, your situation, and if you are in real want, I will relieve you; but rob me you shall not." The young man replied, "I solemnly declare, Sir, that I never was guilty of such an action before; for I am really a gentleman of good family, but at this time in the most abject distress." The Colonel, struck with compassion and pity, from seeing a man of his condition driven to such a fatal remedy for his wants, said to him, "Young man, dismount; give your horse to my postillion, and come into the chaise; then disarm me, tie my hands fast, and, having surrendered me at the castle, claim the two thousand pounds reward offered to any one who shall apprehend me." The Colonel and the young man accordingly journeyed on to Dublin, when he surrendered the Colonel safe into custody, and received the whole of the reward. Thus the gallant Coningham acted decidedly, though as determined a man as ever stepped in leathern shoe, because he saw a gentleman in distress. A gentleman in these days, *if he is not in Parliament*, provided he surrenders to the King's Bench for various debts, amounting in all to *two* or *ten* thousand pounds, if he gives up all his property, and pays one thousand nine hundred and ninety pounds, or nine thousand nine hundred and ninety pounds, may be confined for the remaining *ten* pounds all his life by an obdurate creditor; when a vender of cabbages may, by obtaining a certificate of bankruptcy, never be imprisoned, and set up in the same trade again.

My last history of highwaymen is that of the famous Morgan, whose name stands with distinguished fame on the Bow-street Journals.

Morgan had dogged a Colonel Manley out of town, on purpose to rob him, knowing that at all times he was used to carry a considerable sum of money about his person, especially on his journey to Bath, where he was accustomed to play very deep. Colonel Manley was well known to be a man of great personal courage, and, happening to leave

leave town very late, stopped to dine at one of the inns in Hounslow. Morgan, growing impatient, wrote the Colonel a letter, and sent it by a returned chaise to the house where he dined, informing him of his name and profession, with the assurance that he was without any accomplice, and waiting on the heath to rob him; the Colonel, taking no notice of this to the landlord, or any one else, as a brave man accepted the challenge. He had but one brace of pistols with him, which he discharged at Morgan without effect; when Morgan, putting his pistol in his pocket, advanced to the chaise, and said, "Colonel, besides the gold you have in your purse, I know you have five hundred pounds in bank notes in your pocket-book, as I can tell you at what banker's you received that sum this morning: I will act generously and liberally by you; therefore, without demur, give me your pocket-book." Colonel Manley, astonished both at the gallantry and generous conduct of the highwayman, gave him his pocket-book. Morgan returned him two hundred and fifty pounds, and wished him a good evening. We do not in general meet with such civil highwaymen; especially in these days, I am sorry to say, that they seem to be bent as much on murder, as to relieve their wants. I myself did not experience, a few years past, any marks of civilities from one of these gentlemen, who stopped my chaise near Gunesbury-lane; for he fired directly in my face, and his pistol was not three feet from my head: but I do not complain; for I confess I was not over ceremonious with him, as luckily I fired first and hit him, which I have reason to suppose rather deranged him, and prevented his taking any effectual aim at me.

It would have been more regular in me not to have omitted some things relative to the genealogy of my parents, in the early part of my narrative; but I never claimed any merit to myself for regularity in any sense of the word. I therefore trust the generous reader will accept it as well in this page as in any former one.

I am informed, that some relations of our family have declared, that our family were formerly possessors of a very ancient domain and mansion-house in the county of Middlesex, called Bruce Castle, and that from thence we first sprung. All I can say is, that I never heard my father or mother speak of such a place; and I have heard them relate many singular and interesting anecdotes of my ancestors. One in particular I remember well, that the very gentleman, I forget his name, who sold the estate at Dryffield in Gloucestershire, which is now in the possession of our family, to my grandfather, came to the very door of that house, formerly his own, and asked alms. All I know of the genealogy of my ancestors, (of which I am not in the smallest degree vain, it being a matter of total indifference to me what they were, and from whom or what they sprung,) I will now relate, and I believe it will be found tolerably correct.

My grandfather was Sir George Hanger, Bart. How he acquired the title I know not. I never heard my father say that his father inherited the title; or who my grandfather's father was, or of what profession or of what calling; which, indeed, is perfectly indifferent to me, and not to the present question. My grandfather and grandmother, for ought I know, and, what is more, for ought I care, might have been as obscure in their origin, as the parents of the beautiful Sally, born in our alley, as the song relates;

lates; and have followed the same means to their livelihood*. But to the point. Sir George Hanger had five or six sons, I forget which, and three daughters: John, the eldest, of course remained at home, as the young squire always does; the others were dispersed all over the world: one was a Russia merchant; another a Turkey merchant, and settled at Smyrna; and the fourth was in a merchant's house in the city. My father, the youngest, went to India; and, with more grief than it is possible for me to express, I have often heard him declare, that his father gave him no more than five hundred pounds to begin the world with, as I thought it savoured much of teaching me prudence and economy.

Now to the female part of our family. One of my aunts was married to a gentleman, by name *Lecouse*; I may not be correct in spelling his name, but so it was pronounced. Another, who left me my estate in Berkshire, of whom I shall speak in another part of this book, was married to Hare, Lord Coleraine, an Irish nobleman, of great property both in Ireland and this country. The chief part of his estates in England, was in Hertfordshire. Now, generous reader, I have endeavoured to give as faithful and true an account of my family as I am enabled to do, but I cannot trace them further than to my grandfather; and whether those who went before them sold cabbage nets and made laces long, and cried their honest labour about the streets, is a matter of perfect indifference to me.

My father, after an absence of ten years, returned to England for the benefit of his health; and I have heard him often say, that he was not then worth more than twenty-five thousand pounds.—Shortly after his arrival, one of his brothers died and left him his property, which was sufficient to enable him to live in this country, and put an end to his design of returning to India. However, to bring the good fortune of my father to a speedy conclusion, his four brothers died, all without issue, in a very few years after his arrival, and bequeathed him all their wealth to a very considerable amount. His two married sisters died without issue, and both left him something; the one, Lady Coleraine, as I have observed before, bequeathed to me my estate in Berkshire. My aunt Jane, who resided at Bath, died in virgin purity, never having been married, and left all she possessed to my father. Thus did fortune turn her wheel in his favour, who had but five hundred pounds to begin the world with, that she brought him, by the death and good will of his relations, to great affluence and riches: a most fortunate event for his three sons*, who were curiously endowed by nature to spend it.

Speaking of my family, it may be as well to mention here, as in any other part of this Work, by what means my father was made Lord Coleraine in the kingdom of Ireland.

His sister, Miss Anne Hanger, as I have already observed, was married to Hare, Lord Coleraine. But my father was not in the most distant degree related to him, except my marriage. Hare, Lord

* "Her father he made cabbage nets,
"About the streets he cried them;
"Her mother she made laces long,
"For those that chose to buy them,"
&c. &c. &c.

* "Three pretty boys did Gabriel get,
"The youngest George by name, Sir,
"A funny dog, not favoured much,
"By fortune or by fame, Sir."

Coleraine,

Coleraine, however, dying without issue, or heir to the title, my father, Gabriel Hanger, claimed it, with just as much right as the clerk or sexton of the parish. After the same manner as Jupiter overcame the beautiful Danae, did he prove an undoubted right to the title, and was created a peer of Ireland. A lady of high rank, and of no inconsiderable influence in the days of that excellent king, George the Second, is supposed to have been benefited very considerably by one of these glistening showers.

If a nobleman could bequeath his virtues, his abilities, and courage to his posterity, the same as he can will his lands and property, then a noble descent would be very valuable. By intermarrying with the children of Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson, we might insure a race of heroes to the State: but, alas! how many great men, who died in the last century, would be shocked if they could but look out of the grave and view those to whom their titles are descended. As for the reversionary chance that, in the wheel of fortune, I may have to the title in our family, I am willing to dispose of it at a very cheap rate to any vain man who seeks for empty honours; for, if titles are not bestowed as a reward of merit, they are of no value in my estimation. The King can give titles, but he cannot bestow virtue, abilities, or courage.

I had not been above two years in England when I was engaged in a most singular adventure, the very thought of which, to this moment, fills me with alarm. It was very much the fashion in those days to walk on Sunday evenings, during the summer, in Kensington gardens. They were much crowded, and frequented by well-dressed persons of all ranks and descriptions. A particular friend of mine came to me in the morning, and desired that I would be in the garden that evening, as he had something particular to mention to me, which he would impart when we met. I was there to my appointment, and joined him on the promenade. He then told me, his reason for asking me to accompany him was, that he was anxious to have some conversation with a lady who would be in company with a female friend, whose attention to what might pass between them he wished me to divert by my attention to her. We did not join them till near dusk, when, drawing off from the public walk, we passed to that part of the garden near to the palace, where formerly, before the gardens were cleared of the underwood, many of the walks were bordered with very thick and high yew-hedges, which, from the trees and shrubbery behind them, were rendered impervious to the view. It was almost dark, the night being much overcast. We were sitting on one of the garden-seats, when, at some distance, we saw a man coming down the gravel-walk. The women proposed getting up, and retiring by one of the small passages between the yew-hedges into the shrubbery, lest the person approaching us might know them. It was now half past nine at night; and my friend and the two ladies retired into the shrubbery. I stood before the opening of the yew-hedge, as this man came opposite to me on the gravel-walk; and when he was about six or seven paces from me, he made a dead halt, and faced about towards me. I spoke not a word for at least two or three minutes, while he kept walking a few paces backwards and forwards viewing me, and seeming as if he wished to see what was behind me. At length, quitting the centre of the gravel-walk, he advanced two

or three paces nearer to me. It was then high time for me to decide what I should do. But before I proceed, it is necessary to mention, that very imprudently I had put my glove in my mouth to disguise my voice; for, had I spoke to him in my natural tone, on perceiving that I could not be the person he sought after, he might have gone away. On his advancing, I again said, "Sir, you cannot pass this way." Upon which he immediately put his hand to his sword; nor did I delay to draw mine, when I retired within the narrow passage of the hedge, to make sure, if he was determined to force an entry, that I should have the advantage of parrying any thrust from him, when he could not prevent my acting against him. He immediately advanced close to the hedge, with his sword half through it; at the same time grumbling inwardly, and absolutely snorting and blowing with anger. I could have run him through the body with the greatest facility, in the disadvantageous situation in which he was; but, instead of acting, I said, "For God's sake, Sir, do not advance! you cannot want any thing of me; it is impossible that I should be the person you are looking for; but I swear, if you advance one step further, I will kill you!" At this moment my friend came up on one side of me, and, in a low voice, said, "My dear George, for God's sake don't kill him!" In those days I was in great habits of fencing, having a person to attend me three times a-week to perfect me in that science. Being very strong in the arm and wrist, I was ever prepossessed with an idea, that if I could, unobserved, change from the one side of my adversary's blade to the other, and beat on it, I should be certain of hitting the very best fencer. This was a favourite *coup* of mine: and I now put it in practice with such velocity, force, and success, that if it had not been for the hedge into which I drove his sword, and in which it was for a moment entangled, I believe sincerely that I should have forced the sword out of his hand. At the instant I beat upon his blade, I made a gentle bolt at him, slightly opposing my sword to his body, and just pricked him, at which he started back a couple of paces. I never advanced, but kept my position within the hedge, knowing that, from the advantage of it, I could do any thing with him I chose; and, had he advanced again, I was resolved not to attempt to run him through the body, but to gather his blade, and attempt to disarm him. Notwithstanding my having made him lightly feel the point of my sword, he never spoke one word, but stood snorting and puffing with rage. I then said, "Sir, for God's sake, go away! I do not wish to hurt you: you must be conscious that I could have run you through the body if I had been so disposed: let me, therefore, entreat you to go away. I know you not; nor can you want any thing of me, or of any person with me;" for really and truly I did not know him; nor did I ever after, with any degree of certainty; yet, from his figure, size, and walk, I had my suspicions who he was, as well as from his being very shy of me when I attempted some time afterwards to be acquainted with him. The story was buzzed about the town that I had been engaged in a rencontre in the dark with an unknown person in Kensington gardens, to protect two ladies and a gentleman from being discovered by him. Thus the story was told, and no person ever was acquainted with any further particulars of this

affair;

affair; which may be thought singular, as two women were parties to the transaction *. They were certainly sworn to secrecy for their own interest: my friend never entrusted it to any person; and I never have, nor ever will, so help me God! Nor should I ever have written this, were not my friend and one of the ladies in their graves. What is most singular, the women had discretion and art sufficient to put this story about as if they themselves had never been concerned in it; and it was the most sensible method they could adopt. As I could not be suspected of any intimacy with them; for I never had spoken twice in my life to either before that night, nor very seldom after: they, of course, never mentioned my friend's name, and made it a matter of wonder who he could be.—To return to my antagonist in the gravel-walk: at my solicitations and entreaties he put up his sword, and walked back the same way he came. I watched him out of sight; but, it may be well credited, I did not follow him. Judge, reader, what pleasure I must have felt when he was gone! Reflect only on my horrid situation! Had I killed this man, one half at least of the censorious world would have believed that my friend and me had assassinated him. If he had killed me, the consequences must have been very disagreeable to all parties; the women and my friend, at all events, must have come forward. During the conflict, which lasted a considerable time, I dare say above five minutes, a thousand horrors and fears rushed into my mind, and unstrung my soul! As to the matter of a duel, had it been in day-light, with a second, I should not have thought more than others on such an occasion, having fought three duels before I was twenty years old; since which time, I assure the reader, that I have been as peaceably inclined as my neighbours, and in no way whatever disposed to quarrels—indeed I am not of a quarrelsome temper. I solemnly declare I was so dismayed, that if it had not been for discovering the women, and had I been waiting there alone expecting to meet some kind fair one, I should have taken to my heels and run away as fast as my legs would have carried me. I have certainly been in some disagreeable situations in life since that period, but never, in my days, have I been so alarmed: it is not possible for me to describe what I suffered.—To end this narrative: my carriage was waiting at the palace-gate, and we walked down to the gardener's house, and prevailed on him to let us out, for it was then past ten. We put the women into the carriage, who were set down in London, not at their own house, as may be well imagined; and my friend and I walked home, rejoicing on having escaped so well out of so ticklish a situation.

[*To be continued.*]

* I know it is generally the opinion, that women cannot keep a secret, and are not to be trusted. A base woman, or a weak one, is not to be trusted; no more is a silly fellow, or an infamous scoundrel. But we undervalue women by far too much; if you possess the good opinion and friendship of a sensible and honest woman, you may trust her as safely as a man of integrity.

Hints for the Improvement of Mischief-making,

For the Fashionable Lovers of Fun, Mirth, and Merriment.

THE Committee of Public Safety, *alias* Public Danger, which originated with the respectable Committee of Bullock Hunters,

ters in this City, at a late sitting, have unanimously recommended

"That in consequence of the paucity of accidents which have lately happened on the River, directions shall be given to all the Members of this Institution,

"That hawsers and other ropes be so suspended from wherries, that boats may be overset with more facility.

"That in all Sunday Parties up the River, a preference be given to a drunken Waterman, especially if the company are nearly in the same condition.

"That the return home by water be delayed until it be dark, that there may be no pretence even for a sober man to see an inch before his nose.

"That persons eating stone-fruit in the streets, be recommended to leave the stones on the pavements in as great quantities as possible, it having been found by experience, that more broken limbs are occasioned by this than any other contrivance, frost and ice only excepted.

"That boys properly trained, be placed at all the avenues leading to the town, at a proper distance from the turnpikes, provided with paper-kites, flags, and such other things as are rather novelties in the eyes of horses, particularly horses in small chaises, whiskies, gigs, where the driver has but little command at best of his cattle, and may perhaps wish to have his family diminished, or try the experiment of a second marriage.

"That for the convenience of those who prefer late hours, heaps of rubbish be left in such places as they are likely to pass, and such openings left where a road or sewer has been, or may be repairing, as will effectually obviate all the disadvantages of a steady pace, and safe journey home.

"That the ropes of scaffoldings, and the perpendiculars and horizontals be so contrived as to be no obstruction to the fall of a bricklayer or plasterer, who may chance to have "a wife with six children totally unprovided for."

"That fowling pieces and other guns loaded, be left in such convenient places, as to be of easy access to children and servants, when at play, and that John the footman be required to forget that he was ordered to remember to unload them before he hung them over the mantle piece.

"That squibs, crackers, and other articles, in which gun-powder is a principal ingredient, and which are in great demand for any particular holiday, be always made by candle-light.

"That waggoners and draymen be desired to continue the practice of riding on the shafts of their carts, in the roads near the City, as it may be of great service to the purposes of this Society, and notice is very seldom taken of it.

"That the above Resolutions be posted on all the walls and posts in the City, for the benefit of the public at large, and that none may pretend ignorance.

"By order of the Committee,

"BILLY GO-IT, Sec."

EXTRAORDINARY EQUESTRIAN, PEDESTRIAN, &c. PERFORMANCES.

EUCHIDES, a citizen of Platea, went from thence to Delphos, to bring the sacred fire. This he obtained, and returned with it the same day before sun-set, having travelled one hundred and twenty-five English miles. No sooner had he saluted his fellow citizens, and delivered the fire, than he fell at their feet and expired.

A singer

A singer of the Cathedral, at Amiens, had the custom of going to Paris twice a week. He would set out from Amiens, after the Mattins, and arrive at Paris, at eight o'clock the same evening, which is twenty five leagues distance. One day, amongst others, he found that he had not his hat; he was then at Beauvais, seventeen leagues from Amiens; he returns and fetches it, starts once more, and arrives at Paris to sleep.

William Kemp, said to have been the original Dogberry, in Shakespeare's Comedy of Much Ado About Nothing, danced a Morris, from London to Norwich, in nine days, of which he printed the account A. D. 1600, intitled, "Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder."

When Sir Robert Cary was dispatched to acquaint James the First of the death of Queen Elizabeth, he went the journey from London to Edinburgh, which is near three hundred miles in three days. He received several sore bruises by his falling from his horse on the road, which occasioned his going battered and bloody into the royal presence.

Some equestrian performances seem to countenance Shakespeare's hyperbolical language on this subject—

> I've heard of riding wagers,
> Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
> That run i'th clock's behalf.
>
> CYMBELINE.

The inimitable humour, with which Shakespeare pourtrays "Hal's frolics, and "the fat Knight's" prowess, at Gad's Hill, a few miles from Rochester, in Kent, has immortalized that otherwise obscure spot. But the following incident, the most singular, perhaps on record, super-added no small degree of temporary notice to its long established celebrity.

In 1676, one Nicks, alias Nevison, having committed a robbery there about four o'clock in the morning, and suspecting himself recognised by the party robbed, made for Gravesend, where he ferried over the Thames, and rode to York with such speed, that, as was attested by the Chief Magistrate at his trial, he appeared on a bowling-green, in that city, at eight o'clock the same evening, which circumstance so solemnly and credibly vouched, occasioned his acquittal; the Jury judging it morally impossible for the same horse to bear with the same man, so long a journey in sixteen hours, the distance two hundred and fourteen miles.

One of the fleetest race-horses ever known, was Childers, who ran seven thousand four hundred and twenty yards, the space of one of the Newmarket horse-courses in seven minutes and a half; which is at the amazing rate of more than thirty-three miles and an half in an hour.

February 7, 1731—To determine a wager of five hundred pounds, between Lord Cavendish, and Sir Robert Fagg, that the former did not ride a hunter from Hyde Park corner, to the Lodge in Windsor Forest, in an hour and five minutes. His Lordship performed it in an hour and six minutes; and, consequently, lost. Upwards of five thousand pounds were betted.

In the year 1751, Mr. Samuel Bendall, of Dursley, near Gloucester, rode, for a considerable wager, a thousand miles on the same horse, in a thousand successive hours.

In July, 1752, a man swam from Billingsgate to Gravesend, without coming out of the water. He refreshed himself from a bottle of brandy which was suspended from his neck.

In 1753, a dragon pigeon, belonging

longing to Mr. Careless, of Beech Lane, for a considerable wager, flew from the four points of twenty miles each, in sixteen hours.

In 1763, the Marquis of Rockingham's Bay Maltog, at York, ran four miles in seven minutes and forty-three seconds and an half; which was seven seconds and an half less time than was ever done before.

In 1770, the celebrated race-horse, Gimcrack, for one thousand guineas, ran over the Plain de Sablon, in France, twenty-five miles, in fifty-eight minutes

About the year 1775, the celebrated Philosopher, Mr. J. F. Hill, was remarkable for great powers in walking. The conversation happening to turn on this one day after dinner, during his residence at Spa, which a gentleman thought to be over-rated, offered him a bet of one hundred crowns to ten, that he could not walk from Spa to Theux, (a distance of near six miles) within the limits of an hour; which he accepted, and performed it, however, in little more than fifty minutes, under the disadvantages of a full stomach, a wet and slippery road, a heavy shower in his face, and the salutations and remarks of much of the Spa company, who did not suffer him to pass, without calling upon him (though in vain) for an explanation of his rapidity.

The celebrated Marquis de la Fayette, rode, in August 1778, from Rhode Island to Boston, near seventy miles distant in seven hours, and returned in six and an half.

In October, 1780, Mr. Fosard, of Park Lane, London, for a wager of one hundred and fifty pounds against one hundred pounds, undertook to ride forty miles in two hours, over Epsom course. He rode two miles more than had been agreed on, and performed it in five minutes under time.

May 8, 1786, at Brixton Causeway, a person, for a considerable wager, drew a weight of seven pounds to him, which was fastened to the end of a rope a mile in length.

Sir John Sinclair's Travels in Europe.—May 29, 1786, he left London—30, embarked at Gravesend—June 16, landed at Gottenburgh—22, arrived at Copenhagen—July 11, at Stockholm—August 1, at Riga—8, at Petersburgh—September 10, at Moscow—23, at Keew—October 4, at Warsaw—17, at Vienna—November 8, at Berlin—December 5, at Brussels 29, at Paris—and Jan. 19, 1787, at London; in all about seven months and a half; during which time, the active Baronet saw all the objects best entitled to attention, in what is justly accounted the most interesting part of Europe. The journey amounted to seven thousand five hundred miles; or, thirty-three miles a day.

In the month of May, 1789, a gentleman undertook to ride from St. Valery sur Somme, to Abbeville and back again; he was to buy some fish of a known person for the Convent of Benedictines, at St. Valery, and bring it with him in the space of an hour and a half. He did it in one hour and thirteen minutes; distance twenty-four miles.

In September, 1791, there was living at Bath, one Stephen Gay, a newsman, who had vended the Bath Chronicle for twenty-nine years past; in which space of time, he travelled twenty-two times the diameter of the terraqueous globe, without failing a journey.

January 24, 1792, for a bet of five hundred guineas, Mr. Bingham's bay gelding performed two standing leaps over Hyde Park wall, near the gate going from Piccadilly, which wall is six feet and an

an half on the inside, and eight on the outside. As the height which he was to descend was so considerable, he was received on a large bed of long dung. The Duke of York, Prince William of Gloucester, Lord Derby, and a number of nobility, were among an innumerable concourse of spectators, to see this surprising performance.

Saturday, July 11, 1795, a girl, fifteen years of age, ran a mile, near Wrotham, in Kent, in five minutes and twenty-eight seconds, for a wager of two guineas.

Funeral of an Odd Fellow.

A Very remarkable funeral lately occurred in the burying ground of St. Ann's Church, Soho.—A band of music preceded the corpse, consisting of Pannonian reeds, a dulcimer, a hurdy-gurdy, two box organs, and a quartetto of Jews-harps: the body was laid in a black coffin with white nails, entirely uncovered, because (as it was said) it had come into the world without a cloak, and ought not to go out in a cloud.—The mourners too, to the number of two hundred, were equally eccentric in their appearance, being totally destitute of sable coverings. The reason assigned for this singularity was, that true friendship should be as open as the heavens, and would admit of no disguise. As the procession moved forward, the band playing the most admired and lively tunes, the friends of the deceased were heard discoursing aloud on the good qualities he so recently possessed, and the loss his absence would occasion in society; at the same time suggesting to each other plans for the protection of his wife and children. In this grotesque way they reached the church-yard gate, which the Minister had previously ordered to be shut, refusing to admit the harmonious part of the procession, not more from reasons of decency, than from a wish not to disturb the silent dead. The corpse was then interred in the usual way, and the procession returned in the same order, rejoicing that their friend had been relieved from a wretched and troublesome world.—When they had got some distance from the church, the whole of the company, the band in full harmony, struck up a very lively air, though somewhat of the vulgar strain, and sung the following stanza with enthusiastic and religious rapture:—

He's gone, he's gone, where all must go!
Both tricking Lawyers, Gamesters, Traitors!
And such as mock the poor man's woe,
Monopolizers and Regraters!
Like him henceforth let us be fitted,
For where such rogues are ne'er admitted.

Prospectus of a History of Weeping,

Addressed to the Crying Club,

From the creation of Eve *to the present time.*

Compiled from the most authentic sources, and under the immediate Eye of some Ladies of the first distinction, who have made Weeping their particular study, and illustrated with Notes, Annotations, and Commentaries, by the most eminent hands.

The whole to be comprised in Ten Volumes Folio, or the Overplus, if there should be any, given gratis to Subscribers.

CONTENTS.

Vol. 1. ORIGIN and Antiquities of Tears—state of Tears before the Flood.

Vol. 2. Progress of weeping among the most ancient nations: origin of whimpering—with a dissertation on the boarding-schools of the ancients.

Vol. 3. Propagation of tears in Europe, with biographical notices of eminent blubberers. State of discipline

discipline, and progress of tears under the whip—dissertation on the Slave Trade.

Vol. 4. Great Britain—arithmetical discussion of crying accounts, progress of tears in families, with a digression on the metamorphosis of "grey mares" into "better horses"

Vol. 5. History of coaches and carriages—how increased by crying; origin of fits and hysterics; perspective view of Long Acre.

Vol. 6. Rise of white handkerchiefs, with an historical view of the British stage; calculation of the depth of tears shed at a tragedy—plan of a tragedy, with the crying parts coloured for the boxes.

Vol. 7. On the use of Onions at funerals—dissertations on widows—exact measurement of a flood of tears.

Vol. 8. On the various causes of weeping—ingenuity of those who weep without any cause—medical dissertation on "the more you cry," &c.—encouragement of the British Senate to the importations of Hollands.

Vol. 9. On the crying sins of the nation—effect of tears upon the works of nature—poetical deluges—how far canals may be swelled by tears—true relation of a farmer's daughter who drove a mill, while in love.

Vol. 10. On novel writing—on tears divided into *genera* and *species*—salt tears, bitter tears, sweet tears, sweet-bitter tears, salt-delicious tears, tears half-delicious, half agonizing, and other varieties, manufactured and distilled in the writings of the new philosophers—on sentimental torrents, cataracts of sensibility, and water-falls of fine feeling—conclusion.

The whole to be embellished by engravings (by the first artists) of black-eyes, blue-eyes, and hazel-eyes, in all the stages of crying, from the *glisten* to the *sob*. Portraits of eminent cryers, from the originals in *water-colours*; views of noted *whimperers* in *distemper*; ground plans of *teazing* schemes, with distant *prospects* of *sets* of *china*, *diamond necklaces*, and new *carriages*, &c. &c.

The price to subscribers will be three guineas each volume; to non-subscribers, four. A few copies will be printed on a superfine *magna charta*, wire-wove and hot-pressed, with proof impressions of the plates, price six guineas each, and which, when bound *corio Mauritanico*, *foliis deauratis*, *lineis rubris*, *elagantissime compactper Kaltheber*, will form one of the most splendid books ever presented to the *eye*.

LACRYMANT REX ET REGINA!

The Contradistinction between the Foreign and English Gamesters,

With the Requisites to form a complete Gambler.

IT has been justly observed, by an attentive observer, that the English are bunglers in their operations, in comparison of the delicacy, spirit, and address of the French or Italian gamesters.—These foreigners can pick every stiver out of a bubble's pocket, with such extreme politeness, that the loser can never be angry with him, they win it so much like gentlemen.

On the contrary, the English family-men are so vulgar—it is owing to the difference of breeding. The foreign sharpers, who import themselves into this island, are bred up runners in people of quality's houses abroad, who allow them no wages; but there they are trained first as pages and pilferers, till they are promoted to be pimps, and valet de chambres. But some of these menials, who have souls more daring than

than the rest, assume the titles of Barons and Counts, &c. introduce themselves with an effrontery of address peculiar to their bringing up, and here run into large sums of money by their amazing dexterity.

Our own country gamblers have generally no education, few of them can write and read: they were bred up common pickpockets, under the Piazzas, Covent Garden; from thence, runners or bullies to a bawdy-house; then bailiffs, or diamond-droppers; and, lastly, sporting-men. They have little or no dexterity themselves; what they plunder the public of, is by combinations, or bare-faced denying of bets, and calling some of their confederates to prove the thing to be as they say it.

The true-bred gambler must be possessed of the following natural properties. He must have an eye sharp as a hawk, to perceive instantaneously the minutest errors that others commit, and which he must as quick turn to his own advantage. He must have a more than ordinary presence of mind, which will enable him to recover any *faux pas* made on his side. He must have the nice hand of a surgeon, fit for performing any operation. His countenance must be ingrained to prevent his blushing, and he must possess courage enough, or the affectation of it, to face down detection.

Extraordinary Account of Sir J. Harington's Dog, Bungey,

In a Letter from Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, Son to King James I, concerninge his Dogge.

MAY it please your Highnesse to accepte in as goode sorte what I nowe offer, as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie *I pede fausto*; but, havinge goode reason to thinke your Highnesse had good will and likinge to read what others have tolde of my rare Dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Althowgh I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexanders horse, I will match my Dogge against him for good carriage, for, if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater Princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwiche Palace, and deliver up to the Cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such Nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladie Queene, that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forthe, and returnede with the other parte of his burden to dinner: hereat yr Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubte, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the Dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves; but

but they did refrain, and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I neede not saie how muche I did once grieve at missinge this Dogge, for, on my journiee towardes Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves withe huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conueyed him to the Spanish Ambassadors, where in a happie houre after six weekes I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there then at home. Nor did the householde listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the Dogges own proofes, and made him perform such feats before the Nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirthe; but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accepte it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie in what manner he died: as we traveld towardes the Bathe, he leapede on my horses necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice, than what I had observed for some time backe; and, after my chidinge his disturbinge my passinge forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him; but, alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggest much more to yr Highnesse thought of this Dogge. But, having saide so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may finde hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his Dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that Dogge whose name doth not appear; yet coud I say such things of my Bungey, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwiche, more than an hundred miles. As I doubte not but your Highnesse woulde love my Dogge, if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and againe saie that, of all the Dogges near your father's Courte, not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone will contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a bone of contention.

I now reste your Highnesse friend in all service that maye suite him,

John Harington.

P. S. The Verses above spoken of, are in my book of Epigrams in praise of my Dogge Bungey to Momus. And I have an excellente picture curiously limned to remaine in my posterity.

Kelstone, June 14, 1608.

Sporting with Curiosity, and Angling for Old Maids.

I Knew a sprightly gentleman, who, living in a country town, and having been long pestered by his opposite neighbours, two *Old Maids*, of the most inquisitive spirit, contrived to render this provoking nuisance a fund of entertainment. At first, indeed, they teized him so much by their constant practice of peeping and prying into every minute article of his domestic

tic concerns, that, although he was naturally mild and benevolent, his temper was materially injured; and he could hardly mention his neighbours without uttering a vehement execration against their impertinence. But, at length, he began to speculate on the nature and force of that inordinate passion, which could impel two rational creatures, in the decline of life, to exert such indefatigable activity for the most trivial purposes. He diverted himself in framing a thousand little devices to try the full extent of this frivolous curiosity, and the avidity of their desire to know every thing which passed in his house; and the history of every individual who entered it, furnished him with the opportunity of putting their curiosity to innumerable trials. A particular account of these devices, and their success, would occupy more room than can be allowed in a Magazine. I shall mention, therefore, only one of his manœuvres, which afforded him his most capital sport, and which he distinguished by the whimsical phrase of "*Angling for Old Maids at Midnight.*" As this is, I believe, a species of fishing not mentioned in *The Complete Angler*, or in any of our elaborate treatises on that amusing art, it requires a full explanation. Such then was the process of my friend in his new-invented diversion:— Soon after the clock had struck twelve, he muffled up his person in some dark disguise, and, sallying from a postern-gate, which opened into a different street, he proceeded to the front door of his own house, and knocked with a very audible rap. His opposite old inquisitors, were induced, by their infirmities, to go early to bed; but, as curiosity seldom sleeps very sound, the hope of a nocturnal discovery never failed to bring either one or both to their window. If they were tolerably well, they ventured to throw up the sash, and to thrust their two sharp visages as far into the street as they could with safety be stretched, for they were both too keen to trust the relation of each other, and panted with equal eagerness for occular acquaintance with the object which excited their curiosity. This however they could never perfectly attain, their frolicksome neighbour, though a large lamp was burning before his door, contrived to shew little or nothing of his figure, and yet loitered so long in the street, as to inflame the old ladies with the most ardent expectation of a further discovery. He repeated this frolic with divers petty variations, for the entertainment of different guests, and every repetition of it afforded him new diversion. The more frequently the Old Maids caught a glimpse of the muffled figure, the more eager were they to find out both the name of the person, and the nature of his business. Voltaire's man, in the Iron Mask, never excited more restless wonder, or more extravagant surmises. Sometimes the curious virgins conjectured, this nocturnal visitant to be the lover of a handsome chamber-maid; and sometimes their suspicions fell very heavy on the fair lady of the house, who was indeed possessed of every attraction, to excite "envy in woman, or desire in man;" but her wit and beauty were equalled, if not surpassed, by her innocence and good-nature. She frequently remonstrated against this cruel diversion of her husband, and protested he would be the death of the old ladies, by bringing them, half-naked, into the damp air of the night. He maintained, on the contrary, that the curiosity of an Old Maid is so fiery a passion, that she who is thoroughly inflamed by it may expose her shrivelled body,

without

without danger of cold, to the most unwholesome of nightly vapours. The event proved his mistake; for persevering in his sport, and trying it as a Christmas gambol, at a time when it snowed very much, the most elderly and infirm of the two ancient maidens, tempted, perhaps, by the hope of discovery, which the light of the snow might afford her, continued so long at her window, that she contracted a rheumatic fever, which confined her many months to her bed. Yet her sufferings, severe as they were, did not annihilate the curiosity which produced them, if I may credit the testimony of my friend. He positively asserted that, he once descried this identical old maiden, before she had recovered the perfect use of her limbs, peeping through her sash at midnight, though she was under the necessity of supporting herself, for that purpose, on the arm of her sister. How useful, and how amiable a being, might this unfortunate woman have proved, had the activity of her mind been directed to any laudable pursuit.

LAW CASES.

AT the late Lincoln Assizes, a cause of some importance was tried.—Hinman Allenby, of Henwick-house, near Louth, Esq. was plaintiff, and Thomas Jenkinson, of Holbeach, in the county of Lincoln, was defendant. The action was brought to recover sixty guineas, the price of a brown horse. On the 10th of April, 1800, the plaintiff purchased of the defendant, at Holbeach, two geldings, (one a brown, at sixty, and the other a chesnut, at forty guineas) warranted sound. No complaint was made by the plaintiff till the 14th of June following, when he wrote to the defendant, that he (the plaintiff) had been told the chesnut horse had put out a bone spavin, and went rather lame, which he hoped was not true, as he liked both of the horses very much. On the 21st of August following, the plaintiff sold the two horses at Horncastle Fair (the brown for fifty, and the chesnut for sixty guineas); and in the September following, the London dealer returned to the plaintiff the brown horse as lame, who forwarded him to the defendant, and he refusing to take him, the horse was placed, and has remained at the Chequer Inn, in Holbeach, ever since.

The first witness for the plaintiff, was George Allenby, of Holbeach, Esq. his own brother, who proved the contract and warranty, and stated, that the defendant desired the plaintiff "to stuff the brown horse's feet, and turn him out to grass;" the first part of which treatment was deemed right, but the latter was too improbable to be believed, and, owing to some rash expressions of the witness, before and at the trial, his evidence had little or no weight.

The next witness was the plaintiff's footman, a youth to whom the horses were delivered, who, on the same day, rode them alternately from Holbeach to Louth, about fifty miles, and swore that the brown horse faltered, and was lame on the journey; but as he did not, upon his arrival, acquaint his master with the horse's lameness, and was much confused in his testimony, his evidence had no sort of weight.

The third and last witness for the plaintiff, was Michael Medley, a blacksmith, at Louth, who stated, that he was called in by the plaintiff on the 8th of May, 1800, and on examining the brown horse, "he found his feet contracted for want of cutting; and that on paring

ing his feet, and drawing down his soles, he discovered a corn in the near fore-foot, and that the other fore-foot was foundered;" which was thought highly improbable, and not according to the veterinarian system.

The defendant proved, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, by the evidence of the breeder and breaker of the horse in question, and by his own grooms, and by an eminent farrier, that the horse was never lame from the day of his birth, to the hour when he was delivered to the plaintiff's servant.

The learned Judge then summed up the evidence, and the Jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

A cause was heard before a Special Jury, at Sussex Assizes, in which Mr. Scrafe, a yeoman, was plaintiff, and the gamekeeper, of Hare Nailor, Esq. defendant.

The action was brought to recover the value of a greyhound, the property of Mr. Scrafe, which the gamekeeper had shot in his master's park.

The Jury found for the plaintiff, with damages two guineas, the nominal value of the dog.

By this decision, it appears, that park-keepers, game-keepers, nor even qualified persons, are warranted in shooting dogs for traversing their territories, though they can make their owners accountable for any damage that may be sustained, in consequence of their mischievous prowlings.

At the Leicester assizes, an action was brought—Lord Harborough *v.* Lockley for the amount in value of a horse sold by the defendant to the plaintiff, under a warrant that the horse at the time of the sale was sound.

It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff had given one hundred and thirty guineas, together with another horse, which the plaintiff valued at two hundred and fifty guineas, for the defendant's horse; the action was therefore brought to recover three hundred and eighty guineas:—that after the plaintiff had had the horse for some days, when the groom was riding him, about half speed, he fell lame; the plaintiff then returned the horse to the defendant, who refused to take him again, alledging, that the horse was perfectly sound when he sold him to the defendant, and that he had since received an injury in the shoulder which had lamed him.

Many witnesses were called on each side, particularly several gentlemen of the first character and respectability for the defendant, who proved a long acquaintance with the horse up to the time of the sale, and though he had been fired, he was, in their judgments, perfectly sound, and that an injury in the shoulder which occasioned the lameness was of recent date, and the agony the horse was in from that injury, when he was returned, was so great, that in humanity to the animal, one of those gentlemen directed, (or rather advised) that however the dispute might terminate, something to ease the horse should be applied, which was done accordingly.

A witness was called to speak to the value of the plaintiff's horse, which was given as a swap with the one hundred and thirty guineas to the defendant for his horse, and which the plaintiff had valued at two hundred and thirty guineas. This witness proved the value of the plaintiff's horse to be twenty-five guineas only.

The Jury, after half an hour's consideration, found a verdict for the plaintiff, with one hundred and fifty-five guineas damages.

SPORTING

Sporting Anecdote of Judge Hale.

THE grave and religious Judge Hale, we are told, being of a strong and robust body in his youth, was a great master at all those exercises that required strength; and worsting many of his masters at fencing, one of them told him, he could teach him no more, for he was then more expert at the business than himself. This, Sir Matthew, at first, looked upon as flattery; and to bring him to the test, he promised the master the house he lived in, (for he was Sir Matthew's tenant) if he could hit him a blow on the head, and bid him do his best, as he would be as good as his word. However, after a very short trial, the master being really superior to him, hit him on the head; and Sir Matthew performed his promise, giving him the house freely, and was by no means inclined to prefer the breaking of his promise at that early age, to truth, however disagreeable.

The Madagascar Savage.

(From a Paris Paper.)

A Great deal has been said in the Public Journals, of the young Savage found in the Department of Aveyron, and such discoveries cannot but prove very interesting to humanity, particularly if they may lead to the means of civilizing and giving to society those unfortunate beings whom nature seems to have cut off from the class of men, to place them among irrational animals. Such are the sentiments which I felt on examining an unfortunate young man, found about a year ago in the island of Madagascar, and now exhibited in the city of Toulouse, and for whose sake I communicate to you my observations. He is of the size of a man, that is, about five feet high. He is tolerably stout and well made in all his parts, and appears to be between twenty and five-and-twenty. The colour of his skin is the same as that of all Europeans, from whence it is thought he was cast upon that island in a storm in infancy, and found the means of preserving his existence there by swallowing such things as fell in his way; for he swallows stones, iron, and every thing that comes to his hand. I have myself seen him swallow several stones, and devour raw meat with astonishing avidity. He eats flowers, herbs, and even dogs and cats, (dead or alive) as given to him; but he has an extreme horror of bread, and prepared meats, and in general of every thing roasted or boiled, and he expresses it every time such is offered to him by convulsive motions, and tearing his skin. Moreover, he appears in constant suffering; his head is in continual motion, alternately inclining to the one or the other shoulder. He twists his hands, or employs them in drawing the skin of his breast with an air of grief truly affecting. His mode of swallowing is still more worthy of observation. He does not do it like other men, but after turning the food he wants to eat, for a few instants in his mouth, he chucks it violently into his throat; when it appears to descend with difficulty. He appears not to hear, and only emits a feeble cry when he wants food; yet this man, so voracious, so well formed, who wants neither beard, or any other appearance of a man, does not seem, in fact, a human being. Women have no attraction for him; and his keeper has told me, that he never discovered in him any symptom of amorous emotions. It is thought that the Dutch Captain who brought him on board his vessel has treated him

him very ill. He is excessively fearful, and appears to have no other sensations than those of hunger and fear. The least threatening motion of his keeper frightens him so much as to produce an entire change in his physiognomy; he neither knows how to laugh or weep, and uses the same cry to express his joy at receiving food, his desire when he sees it, and his grief when he is beaten. They have not been yet able to accustom him to wear clothes; but when he is exhibited to public view, they tie round his loins a skin, which he seems to endure with impatience, and uses every effort to tear away. He remains the whole time he is allowed lying upon the bare earth, his head low, and in a posture that seems extremely painful.

Parody of Shakespeare.

AND how do you like this soldier's life, Master Tallow-chandler?—Truly, Sir, in respect of itself, it is a brave life; but in respect it is a fighting life, it is melancholy: in respect that I am a Volunteer, I like it very well; but in respect that I must serve during the war, it is hard. Now in respect that it is in the fields, it is very pleasant; but in respect that it is not behind the counter, it is tedious. As to the uniform, look you; it fits me well; but as I am forced to pay for it, it goes much against my pocket. I know that the more a man marches, the worse at ease he is; and he that wants a furlough, a discharge, or an exemption, is without three very good friends; that the property of guns is to fire, and of volleys to frighten; that good forfeits make fat suppers; and that a great cause of clubs is to drink the King's health; and he that hath learned no courage by drum nor fife, may complain of armorial bearings, or else come into the world without any cost.—*As you Like It, Act. iii. Sc. 2.*

A New Manœuvre in Sporting.

WE wish, in the technical phrase, to *put* our sporting friends *up* to a manœuvre, by which not only the public, but themselves, are equally imposed upon.—We profess to consider *fair* racing as one of the most manly and animating amusements peculiar to the country. It is an exercise both for the mind and body. The latter is invigorated by the healthful air of the Downs, and the faculties of the former are sharpened and kept in order by that system of accurate calculation so indispensably requisite in betting with success. Racing has, for time immemorial, been patronized by our Sovereigns, and their donations of Plates of different value to the winning horse evidently prove not only the antiquity, but the respectability of the pursuit. It is upon the subject of *Plates* and *Purses* that we now wish to call the attention of our readers. The intention of giving a plate, or a purse, or a cup, to be run for, manifestly appears to be for the purpose of producing a race, and amusing the surrounding vicinity wherever it may happen to be; but we would ask, where is the amusement in seeing a horse *walk over* for such plate, purse, or cup? No doubt it may occasionally have happened, from mere accident, that a sufficient number of horses may not have been entered, or that the superior powers of one horse may have deterred other competitors; but the practice of *walking over* for plates, &c. has been of late so frequent, that we have been inclined to

to think it attributable to some other direction than chance; and, after a most minute and sedulous enquiry, we are enabled to assure our readers, and the sporting world, that, in numerous instances, a *plate, purse,* or *cup,* instead of being the reward of the "High-mettled Racer's" exertions on the turf, has been *previously* decided by the tossing up of a guinea, or the throw of a dice-box; the winner of which *afterwards* enters his horse, and there being by *accident* no other competitor, the newspapers announce that the horse has *walked over*, and thus a plate of one hundred pounds, or a purse of fifty pounds, is carried off without further ceremony.

Surely the generosity of the donors should not be thus abused, nor the public be deceived and disappointed with impunity.

Such a practice we are confident cannot receive the countenance of the *honourable* members of the turf, and we have no doubt but the spirited regulations of the Stewards, at the different meetings, will speedily put an end to so nefarious and fraudulent a connivance.

The Pleasures of the Race Ground.

WHAT can be more animating, more lively, or more grateful to the mind that delights in the effusion of happiness, than the view of a Country Race ground? It is the season of rural festivity and recreation. The surrounding inhabitants, from the magnificent mansion to the lowly cottage, flock with common consent to this focus of attraction.—Some seated in the stately coach and six, the friendly sociable, the exalted phaeton, or the dashing curricle.—Some on the pampered steed, the drudging ass, (compelled at times to carry double) and others travelling sturdily on foot; but all with countenances of glee, cheerfulness, and hopes of amusement. The Race-Week is ever in the country anticipated with the most eager impatience; the Swain thinks an opportunity will occur to prove to his favourite lass his courage and activity, and the wishing damsel hopes the hesitating lover will at last *speak his mind*; the sportsman sees in imagination the triumphs of his favourite horse; and the *plodding better* in fancy *lays the odds*, hedges, and involves his thoughts in all the mystery of intricate calculation. But who can describe the rapturous scene when the horses start?—Now one leads, now another: opinion varies; first the mare is the favourite, then the horse, and till the arrival at the winning-post decides the contest, all is clamorous joy, and not unpleasing expectation. Neither does the end of the race abate this fervour of the mind; one jockey is censured, another praised; the course is retraced inch by inch, and the qualifications of the respective horses discussed with scientific scrupulosity. New opinions are hazarded, new matches made, and new sport enjoyed.

Let the votaries of still life revel in the pleasures of the crowded ball-room, but be mine the spirit-stirring joys of a *Country Race-ground.* CURSOR.

Turf Coffee House.

A New Tennis Player

HAS lately made his appearance in London, a Mr. Barcelon, who formerly conducted the tennis court of Count D'Artois (now Monsieur), in France. He plays with extraordinary grace, agility, and temper, and his skill is so decidedly superior to all other players, that

that it scarcely can be believed that one man can give such odds to other good players as he gives: the celebrated Mason could scarcely give so much. Mr. Barcelon has lately played at the tennis court in James's street, Haymarket, where he has attracted all the amateurs, and excited general admiration. Monsieur, and most of the French Noblesse, attend and play, as well as Lord F. Beauclerk, Marquis of Lorne, Lord Thanet, Sir John Shelly, &c. &c.

He has played a match with Sir John Shelly, which he had often played before, and always lost in consequence of the powerful odds he gave Sir John. These odds were, fifteen, half court, and the openings barred; but notwithstanding these astonishing odds, Barcelon won the match.

Barcelon next played a double match, himself and Lord Thanet, a very fine player, against Mr. Cox. The two first won three sets. Mr. Cox received two bisques.

The company in the Dedans were, the Marquis and Chevalier Fitzjames, the Duke of Laval, Counts Regnier and Beaumont, and a great many other gentlemen of fashion, who were spectators of these very interesting matches.

AQUATIC SPORTS.

SAILING MATCH.

ON Thursday, the 30th of July, the following pleasure boats sailed from Blackfriars Bridge to Putney, and back to Vauxhall, for a Silver Cup and Cover, given by Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the winning boat at the last match.

1. The Caroline—James Turner, of Westminster.
2. The Mercury—John Astley, of Lambeth.
3. The Experiment—J. Allen, of London.
4. Calypso—J. Chambers, of Westminster.
5. Swift—Richard Thompson, of Nine Elms.
6. Mermaid—R. Moore, of Hungerford.
7. Vixen—J. Fairbrother, of Westminster.

None above ten tons burthen were admitted.

At a quarter past five o'clock, the above seven boats started (being distinguished by the number of spots marked on the pendant), with a brisk gale from the S. W. The first was a very long tack, without any apparent advantage on either side; but, on hauling to windward, the Caroline got a-head of the Mermaid and Vixen, and, with the Caroline's keeping the lead, continued so till they reached Chelsea, the Vixen following at some distance.—The breeze encreasing off Chelsea, the Mercury gained on her adversary, and, in the course of a few minutes, passed the Caroline, which, from this time, was left at a considerable distance; and, at the time of the Mercury's coming in for the prize, was full three quarters of a mile distant from the winning boat. The Mermaid, Vixen, Swift, and Calypso, could not reach Putney, of course they gave up the contest. The error was occasioned by the Mermaid and Mercury arriving at Vauxhall nearly together; the spectators not knowing that the former had not gone to the prescribed extent, by passing Putney Bridge.

The Mercury and the Mermaid continued for a short time nearly along-side each other; but, a favourable breeze springing up, the Mermaid got again a-head; unfortunately, in coming in, the helmsman lost the prize, by not steering round the boat stationed off Cumberland

berland Gardens, he not making the tack in proper time—consequently the Mercury won the prize. This is the fourth cup Mr. Astley, jun. has won in the same boat.

The Experiment, not coming to her station at Blackfriars in time, could not sail for the Cup.

The Cup, which is given by Enos Smith, Esq. has been sent to be burnished with gold, to enhance the compliment to Mr. Astley.

VAUXHALL ROWING MATCH.

The annual wherry was, on the same day, rowed for by the following boats:—

1. P. Girard, of Westminster, and W. Cook, of Hungerford.
2. T. Oldfield, of Lambeth, and J. Wood, of Hungerford.
3. W. Leeson, of Blackfriars, and J. Shepherd, of Vauxhall.
4. J. Burgoyne, of Blackfriars, and T. Lack, of Vauxhall.
5. E. Broomwell, of Vauxhall, and W. Parry, of Hungerford.
6. J. Cannon, of Blackfriars, and E Birch, of Pepper Alley.
7. C. Westwood, of Vauxhall, and W. Broomwell, of ditto.

The boats started at six o'clock from Blackfriars Bridge, and passed through the center arch of Westminster Bridge, Cannon and Birch being first, and Burgoyne and Lack next. The contest was between the above, and was decided in less than an hour in favour of Cannon and Birch. It was a fair match, no foul play being practised.

The afternoon was delightfully pleasant on the water; we do not recollect ever seeing a greater variety of boats, or more genteel company.

The Duke of York's band played on the platform, erected on the Royal Exchange Assurance Barge, rowed up and down the river.

The banks were crowded, and the bridges were covered; happily no other accident happened, than a gentleman tumbling over-board, he having been too ardent in his devotions at the shrine of Bacchus. He was picked up after having mixed a little water with his wine.

DOGGET'S COAT AND BADGE.

The rowing match for which took place on Saturday, the 1st. of August, under circumstances of extraordinary honour, and yet of unfortunate result.

The Fishmonger's Company, which start the boats to row for the prize from their hall, at London Bridge, gave a grand dinner on the occasion, at which were present—Earl St. Vincent (First Lord of the Admiralty), Sir Thomas Trowbridge, Captain Markham, and other Lords of that Honourable Board.

The six combatants were rowed by boats from their different situations with bands of music, up to the point from which they were to start. It was agreed that they should start about slack water, at high tide. This was almost eight o'clock, and nearly dark. The boats got foul just above Westminster Bridge, upon which they were called off, and the race was postponed till a future day.

The sumptuous dinner at Fishmonger's Hall, however, went on. The day being the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile, many compliments to Lord Nelson and the East India Company were paid.—Dignum sung a new song with great effect, to the tune of *God save the King*, supposed to have been written by Lord Grey de Wilton.

Lord St. Vincent promised his protection to the winner of the coat and badge. Of course, it remains to be decided who will be honoured with this distinction.

RANELAGH

RANELAGH.

IN honour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's birth-day, the Proprietors of Ranelagh gave a very elegant Silver Cup, to be shot for by the different Volunteer Corps of this metropolis. At half past six o'clock, the target being fixed, the gentlemen were mustered by the roll of a drum, and according to the number of their tickets the firing commenced: out of two hundred and forty-seven who entered their names, only four could find the target, viz.

1. Mr. Tweedy, of Blackwall and Poplar.
2. Mr. Irwin, ditto.
3. Mr. Dannerfield, of Mile End.
4. Mr. Phillips, of Pimlico.

Accordingly Mr. Tweedy was presented with the Cup, by Mr. Ashley; after which, Mr. Tweedy, accompanied by his brother soldiers, paraded round the Rotunda, displaying the prize.

The Rotunda was illuminated in a very handsome stile; the City Train Band Musicians played several beautiful martial airs until ten o'clock; after which the company selected themselves into parties, and danced country dances until eleven o'clock, when the fireworks commenced. It would be doing them injustice, not to say that they were very brilliant.

PROPOSALS FOR INOCULATING DOGS AND HORSES.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The frequency of that disease in young dogs, called the *Distemper*, and the inefficacy of the medicines commonly employed on those occasions, induces me to request you to communicate the following successful mode of cure to the public, through the medium of your very interesting Magazine.

THIS disease is first discovered by the animals becoming dull and inactive, generally refusing his food, and has scarcely any appetite; his eyes appear inflamed and watery, and there is commonly a troublesome cough, accompanied by a discharge of viscid matter from the nose. If the complaint is not checked at this period, the cough increases, and the dog is somewhat convulsed; at length the head is affected, the breathing becomes very difficult, and a sort of twitching, or convulsion, may be observed in different parts of the body, till death puts an end to the sufferings of the poor animal.

As soon as the distemper is perceived, give an ounce of caster oil, in order to remove any offensive matter that may be lodged in the bowels, and after its operation has ceased, give the following powder every two hours, mixed into a bolus, with a little bread or butter, taking care at the same time to keep the dog warm, and to supply him frequently with some warm liquid, such as milk, water-gruel, &c. Should the medicine occasion sickness, or purging, it is to be given in smaller doses, and less frequently.

Crocus Metallorum, finely levigated.
White Antimonial Powder, of each six grains.
Diaphoretic calx of Antimony, ten grains, for one dose.

It is necessary to remark, that this quantity is sufficient for a pointer of six or eight months old; and that it will be necessary to vary the dose according to the size and age of the dog. I have lately been informed by an experienced sportsman, that the cow-pock, or vaccine matter will, by inoculation, effectually prevent this distemper;

 and

and it has been said, that it will also prevent the glanders in horses; farther experiments, however, will be necessary to determine the truth of this opinion, and from the ardour with which the veterinary science is now prosecuted, strong hopes may be entertained, that the fatal effects of this destructive contagion will be entirely subdued. This hope is expressed in a very useful little book, on the Diseases of Horses, that has been lately published by Mr. White, a Veterinary Surgeon, in the First or Royal Dragoons. It is but justice to the author to say, that I have received much pleasure and instruction from perusing it, and that I can with confidence recommend it to my brother sportsmen, as an useful monitor in the management of their horses; it not only enables them to judge of the nature of horses complaints, and their proper remedies, but instructs them likewise in the anatomy of the foot, and the true principles of shoeing.

The method of inoculating with the vaccine matter is very simple; a little of it is to be taken with a lancet from the pustule, which arises in a person who has undergone the inoculation, and with this lancet, a small incision is to be made on the inside of the thigh. I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

AMICUS.

THE RACING CALENDAR—A SPORTING ADVENTURE.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am an Old Batchelor, and, having nothing to do, generally spend my time strolling from coffee-house to coffee-house, gleaning curious anecdotes, and listening to various conversations.—My peregrinations have been confined to the City till yesterday, when, entering a fashionable tavern to the westward, I seated myself in a box adjacent to a party of about half a dozen young men, who were debating with great earnestness. One of them exclaimed, "Depend upon it, Jack, the *breed of Potatoes* is worth any money; I'd give a cool thousand myself."—This rather surprised me; but, conceiving the youth to be an *Hibernian*, I waited till another swore that "he would not give six-pence for Sir Charles Bunbury's *Froth*, though he thought he kept some of the prettiest *fillies* in England."—I was preparing to vindicate the worthy Baronet from this charge of immorality, when a third cried out, "Who'll go and see *Moll Roe take her sweats?*"—I had scarce time to wonder what this meant before another rejoined, "You know nothing about it, I was present when *she was covered*, and I'll wager fifty pounds *Cælia is breeding*."—Shocked at this indecent asseveration, I put on my hat to depart, when one of the company asked me, "if I thought the *Maid of the Oaks* was mistress of my weight?"—This put me out of countenance; but imagining it to be a fashionable *hoax*, I reseated myself to hear the end of this singular discourse. A youth, whom I had not before observed, gravely remarking, that he thought "Jenny Spinner" could carry thirteen stone better than "Miss Pratt," was stopped by a companion asking him which he preferred, "Penelope or Lais?"—Whilst I was wondering what possible comparison could be drawn between the illustrious wife of Ulysses and a courtezan, a gentleman entered the room and informed the company, that, with great difficulty, "Miss Fury" had beat "Dick Andrews," though

though the odds were three to one against her.—This was the only intelligence that pleased me, as it proved the amazonian spirit of our English ladies; but whilst I was exulting in the defeat of "Dick Andrews," and blaming his want of gallantry in fighting with a woman, a smart youth, in new boots, vehemently swore, that though "John Bull was *well bred*, he had no *bottom!*"—This so incensed my British blood, that I lifted up my stick with an intention of chastising the young Spark for his impudent assertion, when the mystery was explained, by perceiving a paper lying upon the table, upon which was inscribed in large letters—"*The Racing Calendar.*"

Your's, &c.

ANTHONY ODDFISH.

Friday, July 24, 1801.

GRAND CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Thursday, the 23d of July, and following day, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le bone, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, against Eleven Gentlemen of the Hommerton Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

HOMERTON CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Vine	5	b. Ld. F. B.
Nyran	0	b. Turner
Barton	11	b. Ld. F B.
Long	3	b. Turner
Warren	0	b. Ditto
Ladbrook	26	run out
Bell	13	b. H. Tufton
Holland	15	st. ditto
Walpole	14	run out
Turner	8	not out
Jacob	0	b. Ld. F. B.
Byes	3	
	98	

SECOND INNINGS.

Vine	26	b. Ld. F. B.
Nyran	49	c. Sir H. Mart.
Barton	10	c. T. Mellish
Long	18	c. Stanhope
Warren	36	b. Ld. F. B.
Ladbrook	17	b. ditto
Bell	24	b. ditto
Holland	0	b. ditto
Walpole	18	c. H. Tufton
Turner	7	not out
Jacob	0	b. H Tufton
Byes	3	
	208	

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Gibbon	15	b. Warren
Stanhope	0	c. Barton
Ld. F. B.	34	b. Holland
T. Mellish	0	run out
H. Tufton	0	ditto
Col. Onslow	1	c. Nyran
Sir H. Martin	4	c. ditto
Godfrey	0	run out
Short	4	b. Warren
Sworreb	4	b. Jacob
W. Turner	0	not out
Byes	2	
	64	

SECOND INNINGS.

Gibbon	1	b. Jacob
Stanhope	0	leg before w.
Ld. F. B.	24	c. Barton
T. Mellish	11	not out
H. Tufton	10	c. Barton
Col. Onslow	0	c. Nyran
Sir H. Martin	0	hit wicket
Godfrey	5	c. Warren
Short	5	run out
Sworreb	1	c. Walpole
W. Turner	3	leg before w.
Byes	0	
	60	

Homerton Club won by 142 runs—6 to 4 on Homerton Club at starting.

On

On Saturday, the 25th of July, was finished playing, a Grand Match of Cricket, on Clapham Common, between Eleven Gentlemen of Clapham, against Eleven Gentlemen of Camberwell and Peckham, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CLAPHAM.

FIRST INNINGS.

Moore	2	run out
Beadle	14	run out
Pearce	10	b. Cooper
Cranbrook	5	c. Tagg
Hatfield	20	st. out
Clements	21	c. Billeter
Gent	0	b. Cooper
Ford	4	b. Lambert
Buchan	1	b. Cooper
Ives	2	c. Upshall
Vousden	3	not out
Byes	5	
	87	

SECOND INNINGS.

Moore	18	run out
Beadle	1	c. Cooper
Pearce	0	b. Lambert
Cranbrook	5	b. ditto
Hatfield	3	c. Billeter
Clements	3	c. Lichfield
Gent	16	b. Cooper
Ford	0	c. Lickfold
Buchan	2	b. Lambert
Ives	0	not out
Vousden	1	c. Billeter
Byes	4	
	53	

CAMBERWELL AND PECKHAM.

FIRST INNINGS.

Billeter	1	c. Ford
Tagg	5	b. Pearce
Lambert	13	run out
Ives	0	c. Gent
Reeves	9	b. Pearce
Upshall	35	c Gent
Lickfold	2	run out
Luxford	1	b. Pearce
Connell	0	c. Cranbrook
Cooper	8	c. ditto
Rentall	4	not out
Byes	4	
	82	

SECOND INNINGS.

Billeter	8	b. Pearce
Tagg	1	b. Ford
Lambert	1	c. Hatfield
Ives	7	run out
Reeves	0	c. Cranbrook
Upshall	24	b. ditto
Lickfold	0	c. Gent
Luxford	6	b. Pearce
Connell	1	not out
Cooper	7	c. Vousden
Rentall	0	c. Clement
Byes	3	
	53	

A tye match—even betting at starting—a great deal of betting on both parties during the game.

On Friday, the 31st of July, was played a Grand Match at Cricket at Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between Eleven Gentlemen of Westminster, and Eleven of Eton, which was won by the latter by upwards of a hundred runs.

Great skill was displayed on both sides; but, when we come to consider the advantage the Etonians have over the Westminsters, the former practising three parts of the year, the latter only two months, the event of this game is not much to be wondered at. Nor can we omit the disparity of years which was so visibly depicted in the countenances of the Etonians, most of whom were upwards of twenty, and some of them elected to the University.

We understand likewise that the Etonian Gentlemen, who proved themselves such good masters of the game, are accustomed to play great matches, whereas the Westminster only distinguish themselves in

in their own matches in Tothill-fields.

——————Alterna revisens
Ludet, et in solido rursus Fortuna locabit.

Bets were in favour of Westminster at starting—

——————Nec jam
Turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum.

On Monday, the 10th of August, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, on Uxbridge Moor, between Eleven Gentlemen of Richmond Club, against Eleven Gentlemen of Uxbridge, for Five Hundred Guineas.

RICHMOND.

FIRST INNINGS.

Jacob White	1	c. Owen
Forrow	1	b. Webb
Joseph White	12	b. ditto
Holland	2	leg before w.
Long	10	run out
S. White	2	c. Way
Walpole	0	b. Webb
G. Edworth	1	c. Lake
Vaux	5	b. Newman
Rook	1	b. ditto
J. Edworth	3	not out
Byes	0	
	38	

SECOND INNINGS.

Jacob White	9	c. Buck
Forrow	0	b. ditto
Joseph White	7	run out
Holland	4	b. Newman
Long	2	b. ditto
S. White	37	c. Lake
Walpole	2	run out
G. Edworth	0	b. Buck
Vaux	2	b. ditto
Rook	3	not out
J. Edworth	4	b. Newman
Byes	0	
	70	

UXBRIDGE.

FIRST INNINGS.

Way	0	b Jac. White
Elliott	2	c. Long
Shackell	8	b. Jac. White
Buck	0	c. Walpole
Budd	22	b. Jac. White
Lake	0	b. ditto
Owen	5	b. G. Edwor.
Webb	14	b. ditto
Newman	8	not out
Clark	6	c. Jac. White
Harris	7	b. G. Edwor.
Byes	0	
	72	

SECOND INNINGS.

Shackell	19	b. G. Edwor.
Budd	0	b. Jac. White
Webb	13	not out
Harris	5	not out
Byes	0	
	37	

Uxbridge won by 1 wicket—Five to four on Richmond at starting.

SURREY ASSIZES.

CROYDON, *Wednesday, August* 5.
Before Sir Nash Grose and a Special Jury.

HARRISON *v.* MAY.

MR. Serjeant Bailey said, this was an action of trespass, and the case was a very short and simple one. The defendant was a gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood of the plaintiff, and had been warned off his grounds, some time previous to the trespass having been committed: the present action was brought, to ascertain, whether he had a right to trespass in defiance of the plaintiff. He understood it was to be pretented, there had been a licence given to sport on the plaintiff's manor: but if the fact were so, the licence was defeated by the subsequent notice.

Robert Cooper proved the delivery of the notice to the defendant.

After

After he had served it, he saw him trespassing on the plaintiff's farm. The defendant told him, if the plaintiff would appoint any morning, he would make a point of trespassing on his grounds, and he might come and see him. He had his dog and gun, continued there for the space of two hours, and went over a great many fields.

Mr. Adam said, the plaintiff's counsel had stated the very case, which he should prove. It was his defence; first, that there was a licence, which the notice did not put an end to; 2dly, that the place in question was not the manor of the plaintiff.

Mr. Justice Grose said, he never knew a more impudent thing in his life: the defendant absolutely defied the plaintiff. It had been proved that the defendant had not only trespassed on that which was in the possession of the plaintiff, but had desired him to come and see him do so. He should certify it to be a wilful trespass. The Jury would give what damages they thought proper. He was of opinion that even without the notice the trespass was wilful.

Verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages *One Shilling*.

THE ROVING BARD.

At the last Assizes for the County of Cork, a case came on to be tried, in which the question to be determined was, the validity of a will made by his father-in-law, in favour of a man of the name of John Fitzgibbon. The other relations contended, that the will was spurious, as the deceased had never been reconciled to his daughter after she was married. To prove the contrary, one Cotter was called, who is well known under the denomination of "*The Roving Bard.*" This fellow's office is that of Poet Laureat to the whole county, having no occupation but visiting the different farmers' houses, and paying for his board by songs and poems in praise of the hostess and her family, which are preserved by them as so many records of their hospitality.—The Bard swore that he saw the deceased at the house of his son-in-law perfectly reconciled before his death, upon which occasion he made some very famous verses. Being asked what these verses were, he rummaged a large bundle of papers, from which he selected the following sublime effusion of his gratulatory muse:—

"Hail, happy union!
John Fitzgibbon!
You and the father of your wife,
Will now be friends the remainder of your life.
When Charon takes him into his old boat,
Though grief, alas! will choak your honest throat,
Yet I shall see you in a bran-new coat.
Your wife and children will be better dress'd,
When Death leaves you the key of his strong chest.
May your kind love and friendship never totter!
So sings the Roving Bard—sweet *Larry Cotter*."

When the recitation was over, the Poet looked round to enjoy those praises he was so much accustomed to, and beheld the whole Court convulsed with laughter.—This testimony, however, had its full effect; for it obtained credit with the Jury, and established the validity of the will.

More Jockeyship.

Some time since, Mr. May, of Twickenham, sent a horse to grass in Bushey Park, and within these few days he sent for his horse, when Mr. Elkin, the Keeper of the Park, after making every possible search, declared it was not in the Park,

Park, and that it must have been stolen. A day or two after, Mr. May recognized his horse stopping at an inn opposite his own house, with a very respectable gentleman on it. Mr. May questioned him as to the manner he had become possessed of the horse; upon which the gentleman informed him he had hired it of a livery-stable-keeper in London, and gave his own name and address in London. The horse has since been traced from that livery-stable-keeper, who lent it to another, in Smithfield, and by whom it was purchased on a horse-market day in Smithfield, from a man who said his name was Steers, and that he resided at Hampton Court. The livery-stable-keeper went there in pursuit of him, and after making a number of inquiries, he could not learn any tidings of such a person. On another day since he had occasion to go to Hampton, and while sitting in an inn, he observed the man pass by of whom he had bought the horse; upon which he ran after him, and challenged him by the name of Steers; he denied the name, but on his being reminded of the circumstance of selling the horse in Smithfield, &c. he confessed he was the man, and said he would come into the inn in about half an hour, after he had done the business he was about. The livery-stable-keeper waited above three hours without effect, and, on making inquiries in the town, he discovered his name was not Steers. He has since been taken into custody, and not being able to give a satisfactory account how the horse came into his possession, he was committed to prison.

Theatre, Haymarket.

A Musical Entertainment, called *The Gipsey Prince*, was per-

formed, for the first time, at this Theatre, on Friday evening, the 31st of July.

Dramatis Personæ.

Don Roderick, the Inquisitor	Mr. Suett
Don Dominick, Corregidor	Mr. Emery
Gipsey Prince	Mr. Kelly
Rincon	Mr. Fawcett
An Old Jew	Mr. Atkins
Diego	Mr. King
Antonia, Niece to Don Roderick	Mrs. Mountain
Poppee } Hindoo Gipsey Women	Miss Tyrer
Lachime } Hindoo Gipsey Women	Miss B. Menage
Blanch	Miss Gaudry

The Scene is the Province of Murcia, in Spain. The plot is uncommonly simple. The *Gipsey Prince*, taken from his father, *Don Dominick*, in his infancy, by a gang of Gipsies, becomes their Monarch. He meets in the woods with some Officers of the Inquisition, and rescues from them an old Jew they are conducting to the prison of that Tribunal. In this act of philanthrophy, he wounds one of the Officers, and compelled to fly, takes refuge in the house of *Don Roderick*, the Inquisitor: there he is concealed by *Antonia*, *Don Roderick's* daughter, and they become enamoured of each other. He is at length apprehended, brought before the Inquisitor, and in the course of his examination, *Don Dominick* discovers him to be his son. The offence is pardoned, and his union with *Antonia* is sanctioned by the approbation of the Inquisitor and the Corregidor.

The Music, composed by Mr. Kelly, is happily suited to the subject. His first Air is one of the most fascinating in the plaintive stile he has ever composed. It was received with universal plaudits. The exquisite taste with which Mrs. Mountain gave two of her Songs, obtained for them a general

 encore.

encore. Miss Tyrer, a pupil of Kelly, who came before the Public in the Oratorios, appeared this night, for the first time, as an actress. In figure, stature, and manner, she very much resembles Mrs. Bland. She sings very well, and seems to have a good notion of comic humour. The duet between her and Fawcett was highly applauded.

The dialogue of this little piece is rather destitute of wit and humour, and the incidents devoid of novelty for the taste of the present day.

Colonel Thornton,

Upon the manner of taking Hawks.

The Colonel having some objections to the statement of a late trial in one of the Public Prints, lately wrote the following Letter to the Printer.

SIR,

On my return from the country (where I had been engaged in business of much greater consequence than a dispute with a breechless fishing-tackle-maker), I was shewn the decision of that cause relative to me. You state the voluntary evidence of Mr. Erskine; and that he may not remain misinformed as to the difficulty of obtaining hawks, and as the public in general, unacquainted with it, may be amused, you will be pleased to insert the following paragraph.

I admit that some eynies (hawks-nest so called) are sometimes very difficult to take, but many are very easy; at Flamborough Rocks, which are infinitely more dangerous than most I have seen in Scotland, persons go down and take nests for one shilling a time. If the neck of a man north of the Tweed, be not more valuable than of one on the south side, and if Mr. Erskine chooses to try the experiment, in order to be better informed, I will let him down by a rope properly placed, and convince him that the danger is by no means so great as he thought proper to represent.— The objection to paying this account was the enormous charges made for hawks, which the Grand Falconer of Scotland admitted to be exorbitant; and had there been time to have subpœned him, he would have overthrown great part of the evidence, by proving that these very hawks (or many of them) were procured for him, who, having no use for them, gave them away: M'Lean (the plaintiff) got them, and sent them to me, consequently his neck was in no danger from a rope for that purpose.

The hawks I wanted were falcons, or female hawks; males, or tercels, are only fit for game, and magpye. The females (being considerably larger and stronger) fly also crow, kite, heron, seagull, ducks, &c. M'Lean, to make a good thing of it, sent the whole hospital of hawks obtained, as I have stated, lame, blind, and insfective; to this I, of course, objected.

The bill, it was agreed (two years after young M'Lean swore he was at my house) should be examined by a Captain Mosely, who was then at Edinburgh, as arbitrator to both: it was there decided, that though I would not allow I owed him any thing, yet, as he was a *poor man*, the bill should be cancelled by a voluntary present from me of thirty pounds. Mr. M'Lean was thrown into gaol for debt: I concluded he would be a bankrupt, and I was advised only to pay him when he was released.

The first account I heard of this suit going on in the London Courts was on the Sunday: I was at Bath. The cause was to be tried on Tuesday; the demand was for between three

three and four hundred pounds, without giving credit for a single farthing received, and when my solicitor requested to know of M'Lean's what I had paid? he refused giving any information on that head. It ended in a verdict of forty-five pounds (what he finally claimed), with costs one hundred and twenty pounds. Mr. Mosely, my evidence, did not receive his subpœna in time, nor could I find my former Steward's direction, otherwise they could have contradicted most fully a great part of the evidence. I am, Sir, your most obedient, THOMAS THORNTON.

July 30, 1801.

DIVERSIONS OF THE TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSES.

THE Coffee-houses at Cairo, Damascus, Aleppo, Mosul, Bagdad, and Bassorah, are at night often splendidly illuminated with lamps. They are furnished only with mats of straw spread on the floor. On the hearth, before the fire, stand coffee-pots of copper strongly tinned within and without; and, besides these, a great number of cups. The only refreshments to be had in these coffee-houses are, a *pipe of tobacco*, and a *cup of coffee*, without either milk or sugar. The men assemble sometimes in hundreds in the coffee-houses: and their chief amusement is in listening to the tales of the *Mullas*, or story-tellers, who repair thither to hold forth for hire. Sometimes persons who study solely for fame and pleasure, go round the coffee-houses to deliver moral discourses. Vocal and instrumental music, the magic lanthorn, the puppet-show, are also among the coffee-house amusements of the Arabians. At Constantinople, meetings in coffee-houses are strictly prohibited.

A HUMOUROUS CURE.

THE Turks have a method for the *reduction of dislocated bones*, which is not unworthy of the attention of a London surgeon.—A woman, by a fall from a camel, dislocated her thigh bone. Her husband fastened her upon the back of an half-starved mule, by a cord which bound her feet together under the mule's belly. He then fed the mule plentifully with dry barley, and allowed it to drink at its discretion. The mule swelled; the woman's limbs were excessively stretched; and the dislocation was then easily reduced.

THE ANCIENT SPORTS AT ROSAMOND'S POND.

THE spot where Rosamond's Pond stood, was at the south-west corner of St. James's Park; and it was not filled up till within the last thirty years. It appears that our laughter-loving monarch, Charles the Second, had formed a more than common attachment to this spot. He planted an avenue of trees, and built an aviary near it; and from the circumstance of the bird-cages having been suspended on the branches of the trees, the present name which it bears, that of the Bird-cage Walk, was derived. Cibber, in his apology for his life, says, "that he had often seen that merry monarch in the act of feeding his ducks in this pond, and playing with his dogs amidst crowds of spectators; diversions with which the king was peculiarly gratified;" and which, he adds, "made the common people adore him, and consequently overlook in him, what in a prince of a different temper, they might have been out of humour at."

It is a curious fact that Charles

 conferred

conferred on Rosamond's Pond, or Duck Island, as it was called, an extraordinary dignity, by erecting it into a government, of which the celebrated M. de St. Evremond was appointed governor, with a considerable salary annexed to the office.

Writers of the last century, also speak of Rosamond's Pond, as a cure for love, from the frequency of the resort thither of desperate inamoratos, to drown their woes.

The Game of the Golf.

THE description of this game, though little known in England, is a diversion in which a ball is struck along the ground with a club, and the contest is, which of the players shall, with fewest strokes, drive his ball into the greater number of a succession of holes made at intervals on a tract of ground, rarely exceeding a mile and a half, or two miles, and affording either a straight or a circular course to the players. It has been for several centuries a favourite national diversion with the Scotch. It frequently, on the Links of Leith, and on Bruntsfield Links, amuses the Merchants, Lawyers, Tradesmen, and other Gentlemen of Leith and Edinburgh. The Edinburgh company of Golfers is composed of very respectable members. They give an annual medal to the victor in a contest, as their favourite; which medal was played for there on the 11th of July, by the *Honourable Company* of Golfers.

Particulars of the Adventure between the Prince of Hesse and the Grey Ass.

A Person at Hamburgh has communicated the following anecdote of Prince Charles of Hesse, Field Marshal of Denmark, and Commander in Chief of the Danish troops sent to take possession of Hamburgh a short time ago:—

"On his march to Hamburgh he halted at a small town called Pinneberg, in the Duchy of Holstein, distant from Hamburgh about twelve English miles. There were two inns in the place; the one had for its sign a *Grey Ass*, and the other a *Black Cow*. On asking which was the best, His Serene Highness was told the former. He accordingly alighted there, and went in. As he was preparing to take his departure, the landlord made his appearance, and in a supplicating tone told him, that he had a favour to request, which, he trusted, his Serene Highness would not take amiss, but grant him. Why not? was the reply, provided nothing particular be in the way. The landlord then told his illustrious visitor that he had long been dissatisfied with his present sign, alledging that it was too vulgar, considering the number of gentry that resorted to his house; he therefore thought, that if permission was given him to hang up a portrait of His Serene Highness, in the place of the *Grey Ass*, it could not fail to be a still greater inducement to companies repairing to his tavern, which, by the way, had always enjoyed a pre-eminence over that of his neighbour. The Prince gave his assent, and the painter was immediately sent for, who, in a great hurry, finished the so-much desired sign; at the bottom of which was written, in large golden letters, *Prince Charles of Hesse*. The other landlord, a fellow, it should seem, of some acuteness of discernment, was struck with the idea that there was now, perhaps, a fine opportunity for him to raise the fame of his house, by transforming the *Black Cow* into the *Grey Ass*—thinking, as he

he very justly did, that he would thereby at least attract a great many guests that otherwise intended going to his rival, the fame of whose house, known by the sign of the *Grey Ass*, was spread far and wide. Nor was he in the wrong, for the thing took, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Our other hero, sadly disappointed and chagrined, saw too late into the inconsistency of his conduct. Out of revenge, and, as it were, to make good the injury he had thus evidently brought upon himself, he ordered down the new sign, and, as a necessary *eclaircissement*, previous to its being replaced, caused to be written over the head of the Field-Marshal—"*This is the real Grey Ass.*"

The Town Vindicated.

A Letter to the Editor.

Sir,

As you have thought proper, by admitting the *rural wailing* of "*The Country*," to libel me, and attempt to depreciate my acknowledged superiority, I demand your attention, whilst I convince your readers of the falsity of what that insignificant *mope* has presumed to utter What are the mighty pleasures she boasts of bestowing? Purling streams, shady groves, cooing doves, yellow corn-fields, &c. may suit a disappointed Old Maid, or a Growling Cynic; but the young, the gay, the animated, and the beautiful, will prefer blazing wax lights, to the silvery moon; an enlivening dance to a dull stroll; the Banti and the Vinci to the singing of birds; dear tantalizing Faro to Pope Joan: and the spirited language of Ton to the tedious drawling of the curate's deaf wife, or a detail of recipes, made wines, salves, preserves, and pickles, from an antiquated Lady Bountiful. Can it be credited that any one can be so devoid of taste as to prefer the dull accounts of fat cattle, thunder storms, blighted fruit, runaway shopkeepers, extraordinary births, and all the *mirabilia* of a Country Newspaper, to the fire, fancy, whim, humour, and sprightly intelligence, that distinguish *The London Oracles*, *Post*, &c ? I am sure you will say *No.* To be sure there are some dull souls who drink strong beer instead of champagne, who hazard their necks (no great venture though!) in pursuing a stinking fox, and run away from the society of an accomplished woman; but these are not the men who give a zest to dissipation, though, to do them justice, I must confess they very frequently "set the table in a roar."

Were I inclined to boast, I could speak very handsomely of myself. No youth can be said to have completed his education till *he knows the Town*. Old debauchees are proud of relating their youthful feats, in order to *prove their knowledge of the Town* Sons are instructed by their Fathers' *experience of the Town*. The plodding trader conceives it the highest compliment you can pay him to praise his skill *in the ways of the Town*, and the *fair sex* honour me with such distinguished marks of their affection, that it would overflow your columns, were I to enumerate the names of those *sweet creatures who are upon the Town!*—Much more could I say in my own praise in the pleasures of the Town, the improvements of the Town, the fashions of the Town, &c. &c. but you know, Mr. Editor, *a Town education is apt to render one modest!*

The Town.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

By inserting in your valuable Magazine, the following hint to gentlemen, sportsmen, and other practitioners with guns, you will oblige

June 1801. A Constant Reader.

THE custom of wantonly destroying the different species of martins, or swallows, which entirely feed upon wing, and are only to be seen in this country during the breeding months of summer, is destroying, without reflection, what Providence sent for a great purpose. By shooting the old birds, the nestlings are in consequence destroyed; which, when added to the numbers lost in the seas by migration, unitedly assign a reason for their great decrease. Minute observers calculate, that one of these birds daily destroys some hundreds of moth, flies, and other insects, parents of the alarming swarms of caterpillars, grubs, &c. which frequently commit such depredations, in the gardens and fields, on vegetation in general. It is earnestly hoped that the gentlemen above described will discontinue shooting or destroying any swallow, martin, swift, or other birds, which feed in flight: their humanity and forbearance towards this valuable and inoffensive part of the feathered creation, will serve to reduce the number of those very noxious insects, which annually infest this country.

Account of a Phocus found near Bastia.

THE Phocus, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model after which the antients have described the Tritons, the Syrens, &c. is common no where but in the North Seas. We very seldom see it in our seas, and particularly in the Mediterranean.—The fact which we are going to relate must therefore be interesting to naturalists.

A wood-cleaver, who worked in the month of March last in the vicinity of Bastia, discovered upon the shore an animal with which he was unacquainted, and the view of which inspired him with terror. It was a Phocus asleep upon the beach. The wood-cleaver called some neighbours; the animal was taken and put into a full tub of water; the following is a description of it:—it was four feet long, with a round head about six inches in diameter, resembling, in some respect, that of a calf; but in the place of ears nothing was perceivable except very narrow apertures, almost hid with hair. Its skin very thick and hard, was almost covered with hair, sleek, short, and oily. This one was a female, its eyes were somewhat like those of an ox; it had a fierce look, and yet an air of mistrust. Its nostrils were flat, and from them ran almost constantly a mucus of a very fetid smell, particularly when it was out of the water. The neck was thick, but of much less circumference than the head. Very near to the neck came out the arms, or rather membraneous hands, generally in a position very close to the body; each finger had four fangs and nails. One would suppose at the first look that these hands were without hair, but the hair was only shorter upon them than upon the other parts.—The paws behind were nearly a foot in length, almost touched each other, and laid in the direction of the tail; this tail, which terminated in a rounded point, might be about two inches and a half long, and about twelve or fourteen lines broad; it proceeded from between the two apparent feet, or back fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal,

animal, which they were able to preserve only twenty-four days, although the greatest care was taken of it. It would not eat, its appetite failed from the moment it came into human hands; it refused little fishes, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of tea in cow's milk. It swallowed it very well, but it refused a second dose. They conceived an idea of letting it plunge into the sea, after a collar had been put upon it, to which was attached a long cord. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time out of sight, under water; it was with difficulty that they forced it to return on board. We may presume that in these immersions, which were frequently repeated, because it seemed to like them, it might have nourished itself with some fish. It was endowed with a considerable degree of intelligence. For example:—it took delight in being caressed near the head, and testified its gratitude by faint cries, and a winking of its eyes —When the man, to whose care it was entrusted, and who had given it the name of Moro, would say to it, "Give me thy hand, poor Moro," it would raise the fore-arm, stretch out the hand, and bending in the fangs, really squeeze the hand presented to it.

Although its conformation did not permit it to be very active, it walked, or rather crawled, with considerable swiftness. One day that it's keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal went out, and descended seven or eight steps to look for him, where he was walking upon the esplanade. It was remarked that it did not deviate a line from the path which the person of whom it was in search had gone an hour before. We should have hardly believed these circumstances, if they did not constitute part of an account sent by the prefect himself of Golo, who has been any eye-witness of them. It was intended to send it to Paris, but the animal was soon perceived to be in a languishing state. The mode of living to which it was confined was, perhaps, less the cause, than a wound on the right foot, which it had received, it is not known how, and which every day grew worse. What hastened its death was, that the sea being extremely agitated for two days by a very violent north wind, it was impossible, during that time, to indulge it with its usual salutary immersions.

The Parson and the Bearwards.

[The following curious article we copy from the Manchester Gazette of the 18th ult. It is prefaced as follows:—"We are requested to present our numerous readers with the following literal copy of a letter from a *Reverend Divine*, to a *Bearward*, in this town, the *original* of which has been handed to us."]

"Parwich, near Ashborne,
Wm. Smith, June 2d, 1801.

In about a Month's Time, that is on the 28th of this Month, It is our Wake, and if you think it worth your While to come over with a Couple of *Bears*, I can only say that you shall be welcome to your Meat and Drink in our House, and We will get you a Bed somewhere in the Town—and I can find a Place upon my Premises for your Bears, and I will be looking out for some Provision for them.

This place is exactly forty Miles from Manchester. You might set out upon the Saturday Morning, and come as far as Buxton that Night, and then get here very early on Sunday Evening: I think you would pick up a good Deal of Money

ney—You might stay here three or four Days, and get Home again by the Week's End. Please to consider of it, and let Me know in a few Days Time.—If You come You must bring a Dog or two with You to run at the Bears—and bring also that Pointer Dog with you that I saw in the Yard when I was at your house. I am, yours, &c.

THOMAS NEWTON.

Direct, "*Revd. Thomas Newton,* *Parwich, near Ashborne.*"

Mr. Wm. Smith, No. 21, Jackson's Row, Manchester.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE II.

THE LION AND BUFFALO.

[*An Etching by Mr.* HOWITT.]

From Barrow's Travels into South America.

THE LION.

THIS powerful and treacherous animal is very common in the thickets about the salt pan; treacherous, because it seldom makes an open attack, but, like the rest of the feline genus, lies in ambush till it can conveniently spring upon its prey. Happy for the peasantry, the Hottentots, and those animals that are the objects of its destruction, were its noble and generous nature, that so oft has fired the imagination of poets, realized, and that his royal paw disdained to stain itself in the blood of any sleeping creature. The lion, in fact, is one of the most indolent of all the beasts of prey, and never gives himself the trouble of a pursuit unless hard pressed with hunger. On our arrival at a farm-house on the banks of the Zwart-kop's river, a lion had just been shot by a trap gun; and shortly after one of the Hottentots had brought down a large male buffalo. This animal (the *Bos caffer* of the *Systema Naturæ*) is the strongest and the fiercest of the bovine genus. Nature seems to have designed him as a model for producing extraordinary powers. The horns at the base are each twelve or thirteen inches broad, and are separated only by a narrow channel, which fills up with age, and gives to the animal a forehead compleatly covered with a rugged mass of horn as hard as rock. From the base they diverge backwards, and are incurved towards the points, which are generally distant from each other about three feet. About the height of a common-sized ox, the African Buffalo is at least twice its bulk. The fibres of its muscles are like so many bundles of cords, and they are covered with a hide little inferior in strength and thickness to that of the rhinoceros. It is preferred by the peasantry to the skin of all other animals for cutting into thongs to be used as traces and harness for their carts and waggons. The flesh is too coarse grained to be good; yet the farmers generally salt it up as food for their Hottentots. It is curious enough that the teeth of this species of buffalo should at all times be so perfectly loose in the sockets as to rattle and shake in its head.

The lion frequently measures his strength with the buffalo, and always gains the advantage. This, however, he is said to accomplish by stratagem, being afraid to attack him on the open plain. He lies waiting in ambush till a convenient opportunity offers for springing upon the buffalo, and fixing his fangs in his throat; then striking his paw into the animal's face, he twists round the head and pins him to the ground by the horns, holding him in that situation till he expires from loss of blood. Such a battle would furnish a grand subject for the powers of a masterly pencil.

FEAST

Howell in. & f.

Lion and Buffalo.

Published Sep. 1. 1801. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE following is stuck up at a barber's shop, at Brentford End:—"William Farmer, tonsor, peruquier, capillary-ornator, phlebotomist, chropodist, dentist, and musician.

"Ladies' and gentlemens' crinal capitals, ornamented in the most fashionable configuration of the mode; either perpending, or direct, crispate, tortuous, cirrhate, or chignonate; pulverized, or unpulverized. Also makes Caxens of various colours, either caudated, rotundated, clubbated, or Tyburn-apexiated. Likewise Tates for antiquated and calvated Ladies, and posterior ones for Coachmen's and Grooms occiputs.

"N. B. Phlebotomy and Edentation carefully performed; corns radically extracted; and music provided on the shortest notice."

A strolling company in the West of Ireland, lately performing the tragedy of Othello, the gallant Moor, between the acts, stepped into a poulterer's shop, next door to the Theatre, and pilfered a brace of partridges for his supper. Having pocketed the birds, he proceeded in his part, when he was unfortunately interrupted by a pointer dog belonging to one of the audience, which bounced on the stage, and made a *dead set* at the gallant Moor. The audience were surprized—Othello was confused—the dog continued in his position—and the performance was suspended. At length the hero of the piece stood self-convicted; and, looking stedfastly at the dog, he drew the birds from his pocket, and, in a tragic tone, said, "Here take them; and if ever I have a fancy for partridges again, I will at least take care that there is not a dæmon in the shape of a dog at my elbow, whilst I am helping myself to them."

A taylor, who in the hand-bills that he distributes round the metropolis, professes to furnish the Nobility and Gentry, *who pay ready money*, with the most elegant apparel, thus acknowledges the favours he has already received. "This cannot, nay, must not be concluded, without repeating again, and yet again, that the swell of gratitude to a generous public, rolls the billow of feeling beyond the feeble tide of expression!"

Assize Anecdote.—A plain, honest country-fellow, called as evidence for the *first* time, on a certain trial, was frequently admonished by the Judge to "*speak up.*" As frequently he had a new interrogatory put to him by the Counsel. The man was, in a short time, so perfectly confused, that he did not know to which of the parties he ought to address himself.—"*Speak up,*" said his Lordship:—"With all my heart," said the man, "I WILL *speak up* to *You*, if you will order that *Fool* of your's to *hold his tongue*."

Bon Mot.—Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish Barrister, was some time since pleading in the Court of Chancery, when he complained of being twice interrupted by the Lord Chancellor's Clerk, whose name is *Halfpenny*. On the third interruption, the Chancellor peremptorily ordered the Clerk to sit down;

down; upon which Curran exclaimed, "My Lord, I thank you, you have at length nailed the *rap* to the *counter*."

A London Bull.—A gentleman going into the coffee-room at the Castle and Falcon-inn, Aldersgate-street, some time since, found it beautifying, and the following English notice posted on the door:—

"This coffee-room removed up stairs for the present."

Bull.—An Irish gentleman, lately giving the history of a relation of his who fell in an affair of honour, added, "By J—s, I knew him myself to have fought thirty-seven times, and he never was *killed before!*"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Dangerous Mine Sprung at Seven Dials.

SOME time since, a man, inhabiting a cellar at Seven Dials, kept a doe-rabbit and nine young ones, *en famille*, in the apartment with him. In a short time, a brick or two were observed to be loosened, and afterwards, the rabbits had burrowed themselves a very snug habitation in the earth, coming out very regularly to be fed, and sometimes bringing a company of rats with them. The man thought no harm, and things passed on very quietly, until one day, he was alarmed by an outcry, that the street had sunk in. In fact, a heavy cart passing over, the pavement gave way, and down sunk the cart into the coney-burrow. The poor fellow was obliged to run away for fear of an indictment, leaving his rabbits to pay damages. On digging, were found a colony of rats, living in a state of amicable society with the rabbits.

Had there been a scarcity of *horses* during the Brighton races, it is said that Sir John Lade had it in contemplation to have given a *Cup* to be run for by the *Sporting Ladies*. *Aged* to carry 10 stone—*Fillies* allowed 2 *stone*, best of three 4-mile heats. *Warm* work amongst the Cyprians.

Mr. Concannon's eagerness to proclaim his horse, *Sir Harry*, the winner, created great confusion on the Course at Brighton. Though in the necessary uproar and exclamation attending the horses coming in, the voice of cool reason can scarcely be expected to be heard, yet we would recommend to the Sporting World to adopt some regulation preventing any horse being declared winner until decided by the Clerk of the Course.

A match has been made within these few days, between Sir H. Vane's celebrated horse, *Cockfighter*, and Mr. Johnson's *Sir Solomon*, to run over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, the ensuing Spring. *Cockfighter* to give 4lb. The match is for a considerable sum.

At the next York Spring Meeting will be run the following match, first day, Lord Darlington's *Champion*, 7st. 13lb. agst Mr. Fletcher's *Lethe*, 7st. 7lb. Tws miles.—1000 guineas.

Champion is a horse of uncommon speed and powers. He won the *Derby Stakes* in 1800, at *Epsom*, in a very *high style*, beating a most capital tag colt, and is now supposed to be the only horse in England able to

to conted with Sir Harry Vane Tempest's celebrated *Cockfighter*. *Lethe*, who receives 6lb. has also very warm admirers. As the distance is only two miles, of course they will *run it* all the way.

It should appear that *Warter* has deceived the knowing ones at Brighton pretty handsomely. The reason why the odds were so much in favour of *Sir Harry* as seven to four at starting was, the opinion which generally prevailed that he could run a mile better than *Warter*: had the heat been four miles, *Warter*, from his acknowledged bottom, would have been decidedly the favourite. *Sir Harry* is not, in the estimation of the Turf an honest horse, nor does he always run kindly; it must be remembered that at the last Spring Meeting but one, Mr. Heathcote's *Schedoni* beat him at Newmarket with the greatest ease, coming in scarcely at three parts speed. Singleton rode *Warter* with great judgment: he ran him all the way till he came near the Stand without whipping, then letting him out, the whip told.—Chifney appears to have been too fond of flogging, which might probably occasion *Sir Harry* to turn sulky.

Coursing.—A great match has been made between two favourite greyhound bitches; the one the property of Mr. Thomas Hodgson, of Stamford Bridge Lodge, and the other of Major Topham, for the Flixton Hunt in November next. We also hear that even bets were made at the same time, that *Suwarrow* did not beat *Dent* at the next Meetings at Malton and Flixton.

At the last Manchester Assizes, a cause came on for trial, which would disgrace the most savage country upon the earth: two men brought an action against each other for an assault:—it appeared upon evidence, that, in consequence of a quarrel, they agreed to "fight it out," as it is vulgarly termed: they accordingly retired into a room in a public-house, where the landlord, in the dramatis personæ, represented the part of the bottle-holder. There, shocking to say, they were suffered to tear, lacerate, bite, and kick each other, till life was nearly extinguished. One of them appeared in Court with his nose partly bitten off, and nearly one of his ears in his pocket! the latter torn away also by the teeth of his antagonist. It appeared, that strict search had been made for the amputated part of the nose in the room; but as it could not be found, it was believed that the *human* savage had actually swallowed it. They were both found guilty, and the nose-eating gentleman sentenced to three months imprisonment—the other fined thirteen shillings and four-pence to the King—and both to give security for their good behaviour.

We learn from Stamford, that on the 28th ult. two gentlemen, for a considerable wager, engaged to drive a gig, with four horses in harness, and three postillions, from the Coach and Horses Inn, Frieston shore, to the Ship Inn, in Skirbeck Quarter, through Boston; to drink a bottle of wine each, and return to the Red Lion Inn, Straight Bargate, being a distance of seven miles, in twenty-five minutes, which they performed two minutes within the time.

The inhabitants of Spitalfields, a few days ago, were most delightfully entertained with a peal on their musical bells, by the Shoreditch Society of Cumberland Youths, called Tomb-stone Surprise; containing four Tittum, four Tyburn, and six Queen's changes, with a variety of others equally musical, amounting to eight thousand

sand one hundred and nineteen, performed in six hours twenty-seven minutes, and brought round at hand, being the longest and most critically just peal ever rang on those bells. It was the production of Mr. Gross, the celebrated composer of bell music.

An extraordinary escape was lately effected at Edinburgh, by one M'Dowall. His stratagem was very dexterous. He had procured a woman to come into the gaol with a sucking child, while several other women were also there, each of whom took the child and dandled it in their arms in various parts of the prison, particularly in presence of the inner-keeper. While this was going on, M'Dowall retired to a private part of the gaol, where one of the prisoners, who is a painter, so coloured his face as to give him the resemblance of a female. He then put on a woman's dress, a cloak and bonnet, with a deep veil, after which, like the others, he took the child to dandle, which he continued to do for some time, and then several of the women went out with him, while he carried the child, under the appearance of a nurse, and so deceived the keeper, and effected his escape.

Extraordinary Case.—A fine cart horse, nine years old, belonging to Mr. T. Allies, of Worcester, died a few days since, and as he appeared in good condition until his death, the carcase was opened to discover the cause; when, to the surprise of those present at the investigation, near the stomach was found a solid brown stone, which weighed full eleven pounds and a half, nearly the shape and size of a hatter's block. On further inspection another was taken out about three pounds weight, and two smaller. The stones are preserved as a veterinary curiosity.

An extraordinary instance occurred last week in Weymouth: the servant of a gentleman being ordered to drown some kittens, was much surprised to find that three out of the number, instead of being of that specie, were young rats, which the cat had cherished, and was as fond of as her own brood.

On Thursday, July 30, a pitched battle was fought in a field at the back of the London Infirmary, Whitechapel, between *Enerva*, a sawyer, and *Johnston*, a journeyman wheelwright, for five guineas a side. The contest was put an end to by the arrival of a press-gang and several constables, who soon dispersed the mob, secured both the combatants with their seconds, and fifteen stout young men, whom they conveyed on board the tender.

A match at billiards was played a few days ago at Raggett's, Brighton, for a considerable sum, and two days after another at the Castle; the players, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Kinsman. It was for twenty pounds a game; at two o'clock in the morning, when the play ceased, Mr. Kinsman was four games ahead. The bettings amounted to one thousand pounds. About one hundred and fifty persons were present; among whom were the Marquis of Lorn, Lord Villiers, Colonel O'Kelly, Mr. Heathcote, Hon. Mr. Lambe, Mr. Durand, Capt. Blackwell, Mr. Waddell, Mr. Smith, Sir Charles Bunbury, &c.

Some very extraordinary tame fowls have been brought to Canton, from Setuan, a province in China, which are esteemed by the Chinese a very delicious *morceau*. But the most remarkable thing is, that they are covered with *wool*, instead of *feathers*; and exhibit a very strange appearance.

A drover, in Smithfield, lately sold his wife, "the fair one nothing loath," for *four pots of porter*.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

BETH-GELERT;

OR,

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND*.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer;
" Come, Gelert, come, wer't never last
" Llewelyn's horn to hear.

" Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,
" The flower of all his race?
" So true, so brave! a Lamb at home,
" A Lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board,
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his Lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his Lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprise—
Unus'd such looks to meet;
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
And on went Gelert too;
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood stain'd covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd with terror wild;—
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side,
But no where found his child.

" Hell-hound! my child by thee's devour'd!"
The frantic father cry'd,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword,
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd

* The story of this Ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the Great had a house. The Greyhound, named Gelert, was given to him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day is called Beth-Gelert, or the Grave of Gelert.

Dolymelynllyn, 11th of August, 1800.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell
  Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh :—
What words the parent's joy could tell,
  To hear his infant's cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
  His hurried search had miss'd ;
All glowing from his rosy sleep
  The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
  But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
  Tremendous still in death.

Ah ! what was then Llewelyn's pain?
  For now the truth was clear ;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
  To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe—
  " Best of thy kind, adieu !
" The frantic blow which laid thee low,
  " This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
  With costly sculpture deckt,
And marbles, storied with his praise,
  Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearmen pass,
  Or forester, unmov'd ;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
  And there, as evening fell ;
In fancy's ear oft would he hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell,

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
  And cease the storm to brave ;
The consecrated spot shall hold
  The name of " Gelert's Grave."

SONGS IN THE GIPSEY PRINCE.

I'VE roam'd through many a weary round,
  I've wander'd east and west ;
Pleasure in every clime I found,
  But sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,
  I feel that one's too wide ;
And think the home, which love endears,
  Were worth the world beside,

DUETT.

RINCON AND POPPEE—(PAISIELLO.

Rincon.

Fye, fye, you're quite a sinner, girl,
  You're not the thing for me then ;
Without some grace, no dinner, girl,
  I never could kiss with a heathen !
    No, no, no, no,
    I never could kiss with a heathen.

Poppee.

Eh ! have you got no shame, now, man,
  For why you talk of Christen ?
You give poor girl good name now, man,
  But you'd take it away by kissin !
    Iss, iss, iss, iss,
    You'd take it away by kissin.

Rincon.

No, you rogue, I love you dearly,
As well as my bottle—or nearly.

Poppee.

But bottle thrown by when you crack 'um,
And lips forgot when you smack 'um.

Rincon.

Come along, my dingy Miss,
  Your face is such golden money ;
It must be stamp'd with a kiss,
  It shall, by all that's funny.

Poppee.

Get along to yon fine white Miss,
  I not de girl for your money ;
You may stamp and fret to kiss,
  You shant, by all dat's funny.

Rincon.

By the cowl of St. Bridget,
My heart's in a fidget ;
Betwitter'd, befritter'd,
Besnivell'd, bedevill'd.

Poppee.

Eh ! you come talk, you tipsy man,
You not know what you about.

Rincon.

I'll touch your hand, sweet Gipsy Ma'am,
But first I'll touch your mouth.

Poppee.

You must not touch de hand of Gipsey, Man,
Before you touch her mout.

DUET

DUET.

MESS. TRUEMAN and CAULFIELD.

Let others complain, 'tis the fisherman's pleasure,
In hail, rain, or sunshine, to search for his treasure;
Tho' dangers surround us, and tempests assail,
We defy the rough ocean, and laugh at the gale.
So our nets full of fish, we are quite in our glory,
And we sing viva viva, huzza, Pescatori.

On the banks of the Bay, at the close of our labour,
Our spirits we cheer, with the pipe and the tabor;
Nor care we how early the sun hides his head,
The fire of Vesuvius will light us to bed.
So our nets, &c.

REPORT

OF A LAW CASE, BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and agreed to the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear set to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court,
Your lordship observes they are made with a stradle;
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose!
Pray who wou'd, or who cou'd wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears—and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

ON THE MUSLIN-CLAD BEAUTIES AT WATER-DRINKING PLACES—1801.

WHEN down the pavement Celia smoothly sails,
Her muslin vest is buoy'd on gentle gales;
Or, moving quickly, meets a boist'rous wind,
Forcing it far in pointed folds behind.
Then closely press'd, th' femoral muscles shew,
And Cupid's spheres to perfect fullness grow.

O, what a shape! what symmetry divine!
O could my eyes the hidden glow define!
Olympus shook—it lighten'd—thunder'd loud,
And on her head burst an o'erwhelming cloud.

The texture closely to its treasure clung,
And in impervious folds no longer hung.
The

The graduating tints beam'd on my sight,
The crimson's blush—blue—pink—and Alpine-white;
She stood (bold fancy need not paint the rest)
A Venus! Anadyomene confest.

Fairy Camp, CAPT. SNUG.
Aug. 12, 1801.

EXTEMPORE,

AT A WATER-DRINKING PLACE.

TAKE, ye muslin-deck'd Nymphs! this advice e'er ye drink,
On the nimble Cathartic decidedly think;
Lest, on your return to the place whence ye came,
Its sudden activity bring ye to shame.
Such event may bereave some fond swain of his wits,
That his angelic Celia's* a mortal—by *fits*.

CAPT. SNUG.

* Vide Swift.

ON THE RECENT LACONIC ORDERS OF LORD ST. VINCENT, TO THE INVINCIBLE NELSON;

Humbly imitated in Latin and English Verse.

"Nelson, I am in a great hurry; here are "your instructions; send the French "Gun-boats to the devil in your own "way."

LATIN.

JACTANTES jubeas, Nelsone! sicut tuus est mos,
Damnatam subitò trans Styga adire domum.

ENGLISH.

Tell them, they shall no more *here* play their tricks,
Then send them headlong to their native Styx.

Fairy Camp, CAPT. SNUG.
Aug. 14, 1801.

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

"BEWARE the calends of September" —to-morrow,
To-morrow, and to morrow, the train'd pointer
Creeps in his steady pace, from day to day,
To the last beating of the stubbled field,
And all the Summer past hath coveys hatch'd
For the keen sportsman's mark.—Ah! brief liv'd coveys,
Man's but a walking thief, a licens'd poacher,
That primes and shoots with double-barrell'd gun,
Till not a bird is left! this slaughterous tale
Soon sates the glutton, but to the longing taste
Signifies nothing.

EPISTOLIC LOLLIPOP!

THOU dearest dear! thou loveliest love!
Thou Angel—Seraph from above!
My Anne, my Anne!—along with these
I send you a fine Stilton cheese.
From thee apart—o'er sorrows brooding,
What think I of? but love and—pudding!
Dear Lady Anne! Dear Lady Mary!
There's cream sufficient in the dairy—
And Doll (as soon as it may suit her)
Shall churn you six good pounds of butter.
Oh love! thou sweet capricious boy,
First source of sorrow, first of joy!
With thy resistless influence fraught,
I send a—flannel petticoat;
Which—dearest dear—the times are hard,
Cost me full eighteen-pence a yard!
But sure they'll mend! I hear from Russell,
Wheat's fallen twenty pence a bushel.
No more of Petticoat or gown,
But love, sweet love be all our own.
In union true we'll take our stand,
On some remote and distant land:
There heaven calls us; there approve,
Our tender, chaste, and holy love!

P. S.

Two ducks I've shot—a brace of quail,
I book, and send them by the mail.

EPIGRAMS.

A Board displays on Fairfield Plot,
That "all stray *dogs* are to be shot,"
What! don't the owner like their features?
He hates them, because Otway says
In one of his distinguish'd Plays
That "Dogs are very honest creatures."

BY THOMAS SANDERSON, ESQ.

Dick on his Wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when she died;
Her *life* had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried!